

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

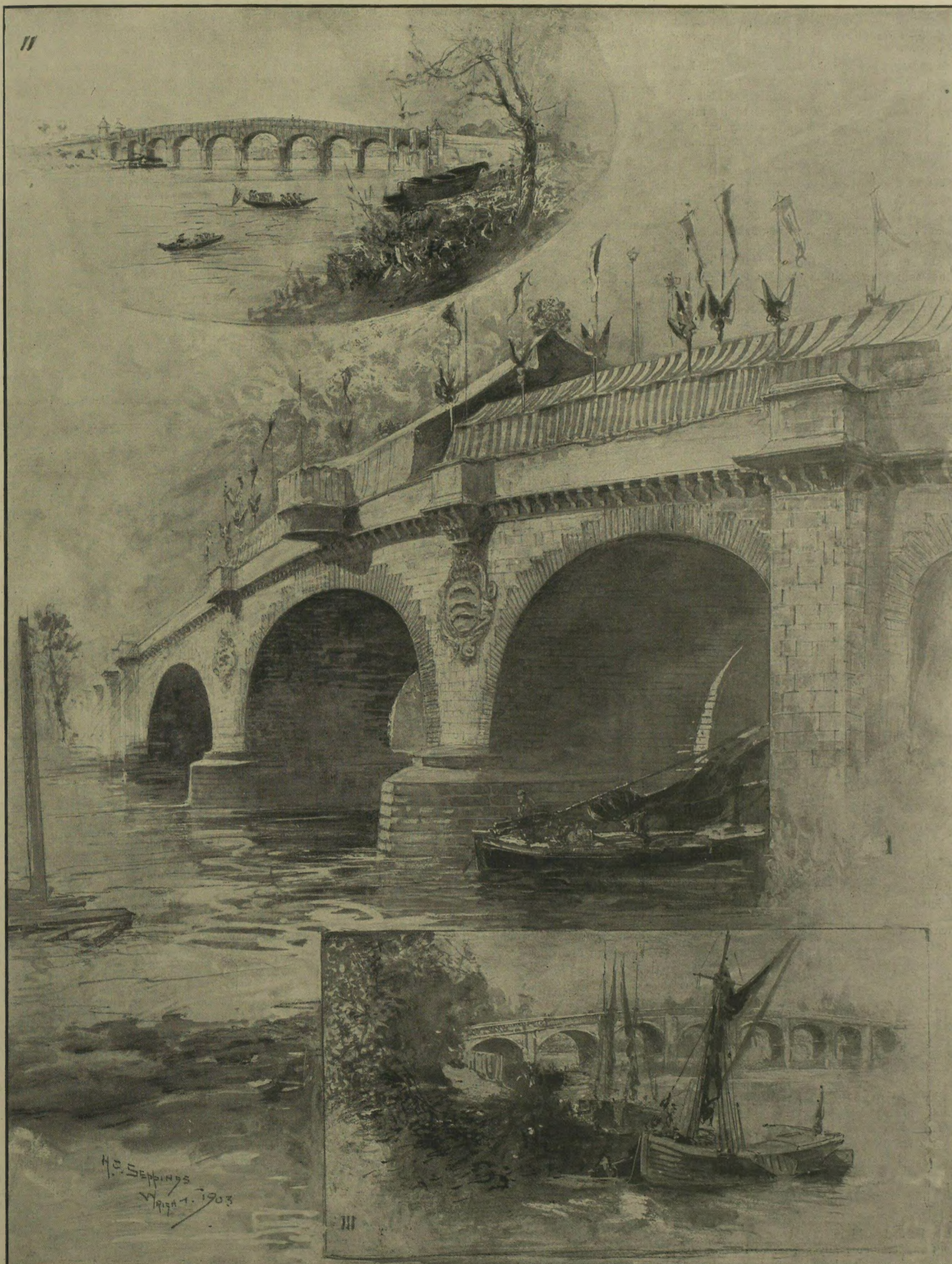
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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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1. KING EDWARD VII. BRIDGE, AS IT APPEARED ON THE OPENING DAY. 2. THE FIRST BRIDGE, ERECTED 1759. 3. THE SECOND BRIDGE, ERECTED 1789; DEMOLISHED 1899.

THE OPENING OF THE KING EDWARD VII. BRIDGE AT KEW BY HIS MAJESTY, MAY 20: THE NEW STRUCTURE AND ITS PREDECESSORS.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There are signs of new strivings towards the unity of the British Empire; but they can have little interest for a mind that is directed by prophecy. Mr. Carnegie says it is our destiny to be incorporated with the United States. He borrowed this idea, I fancy, from Mr. Stead, who must have received it from the celestial Julia. Its orthodoxy is therefore unimpeachable. Mr. Carnegie embroiders it with his delicate and original fancy. The British Isles, he says, are not as big as Texas. How, then, can they expect to make a great figure in the world? The islander may have a dim notion, derived from history, that, but for the British Isles, Texas would not have come into existence, and Mr. Carnegie's fortune at Pittsburg would not have been made; also that the British Isles do somehow impress themselves on the world, whereas Texas is at present known to a limited number of people as a nice, airy region for cattle and cowboys. These considerations, you will see at once, are irrelevant; and they sink into insignificance before Mr. Carnegie's next proposition. Europe, he tells us, is split into a number of absurdly small States, which really cannot expect to be taken seriously by an American citizen unless they unite in one confederation, which will enable France or Germany to feel as dignified as Texas.

Behold with what wisdom one may endow free libraries! Mr. Carnegie, in the eagle-sweep of his benevolence, had dropped one of these institutions into Canada, which, he predicts, will some day join Texas under the Stars and Stripes. Indignant Canadians threatened to reject Mr. Carnegie's gift; but he explained that he desired nothing more than the restoration of the political union between Great Britain and North America. Canadians were satisfied; perhaps they understood the millionaire to mean that he wanted to see a British Governor-General at Washington, or the United States incorporated in the Dominion. Mr. Carnegie has a statesmanlike capacity for conflicting utterances. He once expressed the hope that a Hindu George Washington would expel us from India; but, at the same time, he proposed that the Moslem Filipinos should be handed over to us because we were accustomed to rule Mohammedan peoples. Now it seems that Europe must be consolidated so as to be worthy of admission into the American Union. But if some agitated ratepayers decline to accept the Carnegie free libraries on such terms, no doubt he will assure them that the oracle has been misunderstood.

There is an American lady who beats Mr. Carnegie at soothsaying. She has rung the knell of democracy. Aristocracy, says she, is the only salvation for American women. The Republic must come down, and the White House glow with Imperial purple. American citizens must elect a monarch; and if they care as much about women as they profess they will start with an Empress. I heard Mr. Choate remark lately that America was "the paradise of women"; and on the same occasion Madame Sarah Grand intimated that the difference between woman as a figure of man's rhetoric, and woman as she actually lived, was the difference "between an after-dinner phenomenon and an everyday occurrence." This truth, as I gather from the American prophetic, is so bitter to the heiresses in her country that they marry our Earls and Marquises simply to escape from Mr. Choate's "paradise." In America they have no real power. Congressmen rudely remind them that they possess no votes. Even the President's wife is not a leader of fashion. But when the heiresses marry into the British nobility they are at once endowed with rank and authority; and the petticoat which rustled in vain through the lobbies at Washington may raise a political dust-storm in Pall Mall.

The greatest misfortune for American women, says this new oracle, was the separation of the American Colonies from the Mother Country. Does not this throw a new and dazzling light on Mr. Carnegie's scheme for the restoration of the union between Britain and North America? He has not reckoned with that great uprising of woman which is to destroy the American Constitution, from which her rights are excluded, and establish a Constitutional Monarchy in its stead. This revolution may take a few years more to mature. But I should say that by the time Prince Edward of York is five-and-twenty, it will be ripe for a grand stroke of diplomacy which will put a British Sovereign on the American throne. At twenty-five Prince Edward will naturally take a wife, but not from a reigning house in Europe, according to ancient custom. He will take some ravishing beauty out of New York State, because that State has the greatest political importance. The other States will object, especially Texas, out of pure jealousy; and I do not deny that the affair will have to be managed with consummate tact. It will need statesmen of dauntless courage to disappoint so many ladies, all burning with honourable ambition for so lofty a station. Perhaps it might be well for Prince Edward to make a tour through

the United States in disguise, and fix his own choice. That plan would attune the American democracy to the romantic side of kingship, and pave the way for the suppression of the Constitution.

You see how easy prophecy is when you give your mind to it. Roll your eye in a fine frenzy, and you behold Edward VIII. and his American Queen crowned in London, and then in Washington. There may be some trouble over the two Coronations, for the American spirit will demand priority for Washington; but this is one of the difficulties that tax the resources of statesmanship. What are statesmen for, if not to reconcile warring interests, and pour balm upon afflicted jealousies? The American lady, who inveighs against the Republic as the enemy of woman, tells us that she has converted a number of Russian ladies. They see now that even an autocracy is better for them than the institutions in the Far West which they had been taught to revere. And when the British monarchy resumes its sway on the American continent, will they not yearn to see Russia drawn into such a beneficent orbit? It is glorious to be a prophet when you have once got into your stride. You skip over Himalayas of the incredible as if they were molehills. I have little doubt that we shall live to see the day when Mr. Carnegie will plant a free library at the North Pole.

A correspondent with a long memory tells me that he read in Mr. W. P. Frith's "Autobiography" sixteen years ago my anecdote of Ruskin and his father at the play. It was Frith and his father who saw the rugged pittance eating oranges during the moving scenes of "King John." I kiss the correcting rod, which is handled with a mildness wholly undeserved. The man with a passion for fruit was even more rugged than I thought. "Look here," he said, opening a handkerchief and showing a nest of oranges, "I shall put away all these before I go; and if you object you had better move into a private box." There are many stories equally good in that entertaining book. Do you know what eminent painter it was who sat on the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy when a small landscape was brought up for judgment, and pronounced "devilish bad" by everybody but himself? He rose and made a short and startling speech. "That picture was painted by me. I had a notion that some of you didn't like my work, and this is a pretty convincing proof. I am very much obliged to you." He was no less a painter than Constable. When his colleagues recovered from their stupefaction, the head carpenter was bidden to bring back the picture. But Constable would not have it. "Out it goes!" he said grimly. This is a nice story to have in mind when you are strolling through the Academy galleries, and looking at the pictures by "the Forty." If they had all been submitted as Constable's was, how many would have survived the ordeal?

I have one in my eye at this moment. Wild motor-cars shall not drag its subject from me, or the name of the Academician. It has all the qualities of the pictures he has exhibited for more years than I can remember. He is fond of giving them romantic titles; but all the romance remains in the catalogue. They, at all events, would be traced at once by their titles if they went before the Committee as the works of a pleading stranger. Moreover, they possess a family likeness so strong that the parental hand would be detected at sight. Mr. Frith found a brother Academician one day looking for his own picture on the walls. It was "Lear and Cordelia," he said; and his horrified colleague remembered how the Committee had contemptuously dismissed "a washy-looking Cordelia, and a Lear with all the characteristics of a street-beggar." But how could any Academician paint a picture which did not betray him to the expert eye? Mr. Sargent's handiwork in a portrait would be recognised under any alias. Perhaps the critics will say that his delightful water-colour sketches of Venice at the Carfax Gallery are "Sargent all over." To me they are Venice all over; the real Venice, not the blaze of colour that usually does homage to that dazzling phantom. If Mr. Sargent went about painting dead cities, he would catch their characters, I fancy, as he catches those of the class of sitters who, according to a malevolent poet, have "no characters at all." This quotation, I may remark, is warranted accurate, and my Dutch friend at the Hague, who has written me a charming letter, will perceive that it is not Byron!

Mary Stuart is sitting for a new portrait to Mr. Maurice Hewlett. "No book ever found out the truth, because none ever sought her heart." Thus he dismisses all the literature about her—all save the romance he is writing in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. In that you are to find Mary's heart; "here, then, is a book which has sought nothing else." And if it sustains the promise of the opening chapters, it will give you heart enough to make you indifferent to all the odium that Mary has suffered in history. Mr. Lang has said that she was surrounded by liars, forgers, and assassins, and was by far the best of the crew. Mr. Hewlett, I imagine, proposes to make good this point in her favour.

PARLIAMENT.

Lord Davey's Bill for the amendment of the Betting Acts was rejected in the Lords by a majority of nine. The measure, which was aimed chiefly at street betting, was supported by the Bishop of Hereford, who complained of the absence of his episcopal colleagues. Lord Durham and the Lord Chancellor resisted the Bill on the ground that it set up arbitrary restrictions. Lord Halsbury argued that if the supporters of the Bill regarded betting as a crime, they ought to raise that issue directly instead of seeking to interfere with the practice here and there. Lord Durham said that to bet was a "natural human instinct," and that no law against it could be enforced.

The Committee stage of the London Education Bill reveals a striking diversity of opinion which has obliterated party distinctions. The Opposition began with amendments really aimed at the principle of the Bill. For instance, it was proposed to exclude elementary education, and leave the School Board alone; also to postpone the whole question until the municipal electors for the School Board had expressed their opinion. Dr. Macnamara moved an amendment in favour of an educational authority *ad hoc* on the plea that the County Council could not add the work of supervising education to its other duties. This raised a general debate on the revised proposal of the Government that the County Council shall have a clear majority on the Education Committee, the numbers of which are to be reduced from ninety-seven to seventy-nine, with forty-two members of the County Council and twelve representatives of the Borough Councils. Sir John Gorst suggested that the new work of the central body would be lightened by the addition of one member for every electoral division. Mr. Walter Long said that it was inconsistent for the County Council to object to the educational work, seeing that it had always been anxious to control the water supply of London, which would mean a considerable increase of its labours. It was further proposed that the Voluntary schools should be left out of the Bill. Dr. Macnamara maintained that their financial state was deplorable, that it should be redeemed by special Exchequer grants, and that the schools should then be bought by the local authority at a fair price. All these suggestions were dismissed by large majorities.

Sir Charles Dilke moved the second reading of the Coal Mines Regulation Bill, prohibiting the employment in mines below ground of youths under eighteen years of age for more than eight hours a day, and of anybody over eighteen who had not been so employed before they had reached that age. The Bill was rejected by 183 to 144.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"IN DAHOMEY," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

To pleasure-seekers eager for a new sensation, the American musical farce, "In Dahomey," represented as it is entirely by negro performers, should prove a piquant and welcome novelty. There is an electrical energy about its coloured interpreters, about their choral singing, their dancing, their naive fooling, which, whether due or not to racial temperament, is certainly very refreshing. Londoners should flock to the Shaftesbury Theatre if only to see the dusky soubrette, Miss Aida Walker, show all the riotous possibilities of the real cake-walk dance, if only to hear a genuine nigger minstrel, Mr. Bert Williams, drone with infinite humour a quaint ditty about a luckless "Jonah Man." Mr. Williams, indeed, whose doleful stolidity of manner contrasts most happily with the glib vivacity of his perennial associate, Mr. G. W. Walker—a dandy coon, this, with wonderful shining teeth—is a born comedian who, by the mere pantomime of a needlessly blackened face, can provoke constant laughter. There are vocalists, too, in the Shaftesbury cast of considerable merit, notably Miss Abbie Mitchell, a sweet-voiced soprano. But it is the artists who do everything for the entertainment, and among them should be included the coloured composer and conductor, Mr. Will Cook. As this musician, with whom coon songs and negro melodies lose any touch of artificiality, and obtain colour as well as skilful orchestration—as Mr. Cook waves his bâton, he hums, nay, sings, aloud his own score. The praise which his music deserves is scarcely earned by the lyrics of Mr. Paul Dunbar, the negro poet, much less by Mr. Jesse Shipp's plotless libretto. So exceptionally inconsequent is the latter's story that the first-night audience remained seated after the last curtain-fall, unaware that the "play" was over.

"HER SECOND TIME ON EARTH," AT THE ADELPHI.

To the heroine described as "The Worst Woman in London" has succeeded an even more impossibly wicked creature who pursues a glorious career of vice during "Her Second Time on Earth"—*i.e.*, her reappearance after her supposed death; but, alas! the new Adelphi specimen of East-End melodrama has few of the unintentional humours of its predecessor. There is no passage in the history of Dora Grey so unconsciously funny as the great bed-room scene of Mr. Melville's previous play: his bath-room occupant excites but a faint echo of the ribald laughter which greeted his old gentleman in a nightgown. So that "The Worst Woman's" successor must stand or fall by its sensational merits, and can win—with sophisticated playgoers—little adventitious popularity. The irreverent minority must content itself with the quaint situation which shows a mad sea-captain, a former victim of Miss Dora's homicidal tendencies, tossing sand by the sad sea waves and unearthing the body of an organ-grinder, more surely dispatched by the same she-villain; or must revel in the nightmare of the murderess and her smashing—*à la* Maldonado—of all her bed-room furniture. It says something for the talent of Miss Maud Hildyard that she renders fascinating this naughty adventuress who breaks all Ten Commandments. Miss Dorothy Drake and Mr. Ernest Norris, who act pleasantly as an ingénue and her much-troubled lover, have an easy task by comparison.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN EDINBURGH

The last day of their Majesties' visit to Edinburgh was filled by a number of important engagements. Before leaving for the city ceremonies, the King held a presentation of war-medals to the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch, the 17th Lancers, and the Royal Garrison Artillery from Leith Fort. The presentation was made on the lawn of Dalkeith Palace, and the King, who wore Field-Marshal's uniform, was attended by General Sir Archibald Hunter. After the decorations had been distributed, the Highlanders marched past the King and Queen, and General Sir Archibald Hunter introduced the Headquarters Staff. The Provost and Corporation of Dalkeith then presented an address to his Majesty. The journey to Edinburgh was made by train, and not, as on the previous day, by carriage. On his arrival at Holyrood, the King proceeded to the lawn of the Palace, where his Majesty inspected his picturesque bodyguard, the Royal Company of Archers. The scene afforded a happy divergence from the usual routine of reviews and inspections; for the fact that the bodyguard carries the ancient weapon, and not firearms, necessitates a picturesque variation of the royal salute. This the archers give by thrusting out their bows with the left hand, while with the right they touch the peak of their eagle-plumed bonnets. After luncheon the King proceeded to the Castle. On his way, his Majesty stopped at the High School, of which he is a former pupil, and received an address from the Rector. By way of Prince's Street and Castle Terrace the royal equipage rounded the Castle Hill and came out on the Esplanade, where the Lyon King of Arms, Sir James Balfour Paul, inaugurated the splendid heraldic ceremonial which marked the King's entry into his ancient fortress. The picturesque formalities we have described in detail under our Special Artist's drawing of the event. Just within the Castle Gates a little crippled girl, Mary Devine, from the Murrayfield Orphanage, escorted by two boys in Highland dress, proffered a bouquet to the Queen, who, in a few kind words, accepted it. An inspection of Crimean veterans and a visit to St. Giles's Cathedral followed, and then their Majesties drove out to the new hospital at Colinton Mains, which has been erected at a cost of £350,000. The King formally opened the buildings; and his Majesty and the Queen planted memorial trees.

THE GLASGOW VISIT.

The proverbial wet weather of the West of Scotland was true to itself on May 14, when his Majesty paid his fifth visit to the second city of the Empire. In a downpour of rain, their Majesties arrived at Queen Street Station, where they were welcomed by Lord Provost Primrose. Through a gaily decorated city, the bravery of which was sadly marred by the rain, their Majesties drove in an open carriage to the site of the new Technical College, George Street, where King Edward was to lay the memorial-stone. This was performed with due Masonic rites, and the King delivered an appropriate speech. The proceedings closed with the singing of the National Anthem, and their Majesties drove to the Municipal Buildings, where addresses were presented from the City, from the Trades-House, and the Govan Town Council. The King and Queen then

where an address was presented by the officials. The King and Queen left Glasgow from Maryhill Station and returned to Dalkeith. The following morning saw their



1. THE UNITED STATES 3-CENT (JACKSON). 2. THE UNITED STATES 6-CENT (GARFIELD). 3. THE FRENCH 15-CENTIME. 4, 5, & 6. SOUTHERN NIGERIA KING'S HEAD: 1d., 1d., AND 2d.

NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

Stamps supplied by Messrs. Bright and Messrs. Whitfield, King.

Majesties' departure for London, where they arrived the same evening.

ROYALTY IN SOUTH AND EAST LONDON.

The London County Council's electric tramway from Westminster to Tooting was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales on May 15. His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Princess and two of his sons, was received in a marquee erected within the enclosure of St. Thomas's Hospital, and there declared the line open

for the use of the public. He then started the first car, and, as did the other royal passengers, paid his fare with a halfpenny. At the Tooting end, which was reached without mishap, the royal party inspected the Council's model dwellings for workmen on the Totterdown Fields Estate, emulating the Queen's example by suggesting the provision of greater shelf-space. The return journey was made in similar fashion. At present the new trams have shown a tendency to revolt when asked to carry mere plebeians, but when the excitement attendant upon exalted patronage has worn off, the improved traffic will doubtless be a source of satisfaction to all concerned. On the Tuesday following, the Prince and Princess visited East London and opened the Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace, situated in the very heart of Sailor Town, and



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. W. T. MAUD, WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF THE "GRAPHIC."



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MME. SYBIL SANDERSON, OPERATIC SINGER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. JOHN DAWSON, RACEHORSE TRAINER.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Few men have contrived to do more in eight years of life than Mr. W. T. Maud, the special artist-correspondent of the *Graphic*, whose sudden and regrettable death at Aden we recorded last week. He went through the Armenian crisis in Turkey in 1895; was at the front with the insurgents in Crete; visited Armenia for the second time; saw the Græco-Turkish War from the Greek side; was with the army with which Kitchener entered Khar-toum; was in the latter half of the Tirah Campaign; accompanied the Buner Expedition; and toured the plague districts of Bombay. On the outbreak of war in South Africa, he elected to join Sir George White, and to him were addressed G. W. Stevens' last words. More recently, he joined the force operating in Somaliland, and he was on his way home from there when he died. During Gough's fight he had two horses shot under him.

Madame Sibyl Sanderson, who died in Paris on May 17, may be said to have been discovered by Massenet, who, attracted by her singing at the Hague, gave her the principal part in "Esclarmonde." In this she scored a triumphant success at the Opéra Comique in Paris in 1889, by reason both of her charming personality and her magnificent soprano voice, the finest heard, it has been said, since the days of Christine Nilsson. Madame Sanderson, who was thirty-eight years of age, was the daughter of a Chief Justice of the State of California, and was born at Sacramento. She studied under Madame Marchesi and others.

Mr. John Dawson, who died at Newmarket on May 13 in his seventy-fifth year, was one of the last surviving members of a family of trainers. His father

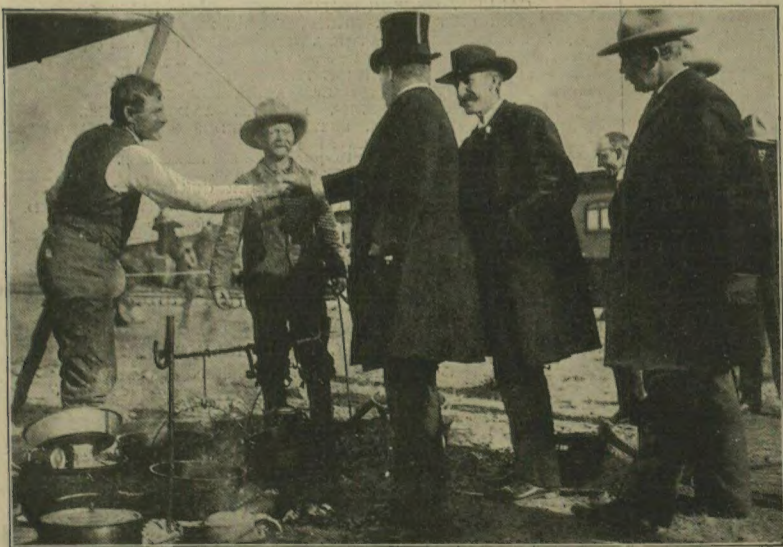


Photo. Grantham Bain.

A DEMOCRATIC GREETING: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SHAKING HANDS WITH A MINER OVER A COOKING-POT AT HUDO, COLORADO.

lunched privately in the Banqueting Hall. Before taking his departure the King conferred a baronetcy upon Lord Provost Primrose and a knighthood upon ex-Bailie Shearer. The Lord Provost, who has served fifteen years in the Council, has been instrumental in furthering all the recent great schemes of the Corporation. Sir John Shearer is a great Clyde shipbuilder, who has been for twenty years an energetic member of the Town Council. From the Municipal Buildings their Majesties then drove to the Corporation's new Art Galleries. Thereafter they paid a brief visit to the University,

Society—a short service, and the reception of purses by the Princess followed. There are several interesting points about the Palace, notably a Nautical School, and what has been aptly termed "Merchant Jack's Valhalla"—the Albert Victor Sailors' Rest Hall, around which oak panels are to be placed to record heroic deeds upon the sea. The first of these is devoted to Mrs. Rogers, stewardess of the ill-fated *Stella*, who, giving up her lifebelt to a lady passenger, went down with the wreck. The work of which the Palace is capable has been recognised

looking upon East India Road, West India Road, Burdett Road, and Commercial Road. The ceremony was simple but effective. Their Royal Highnesses were received by a guard of honour drawn from Naval Reserve men of the *President*, and, after a welcome by the Mayor and Aldermen of Stepney, opened the new building with the customary presentation key. An inspection of the premises—which are to be the home of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society—a short service, and the reception of purses by the Princess followed. There are several interesting points about the Palace, notably a Nautical School, and what has been aptly termed "Merchant Jack's Valhalla"—the Albert Victor Sailors' Rest Hall, around which oak panels are to be placed to record heroic deeds upon the sea. The first of these is devoted to Mrs. Rogers, stewardess of the ill-fated *Stella*, who, giving up her lifebelt to a lady passenger, went down with the wreck. The work of which the Palace is capable has been recognised



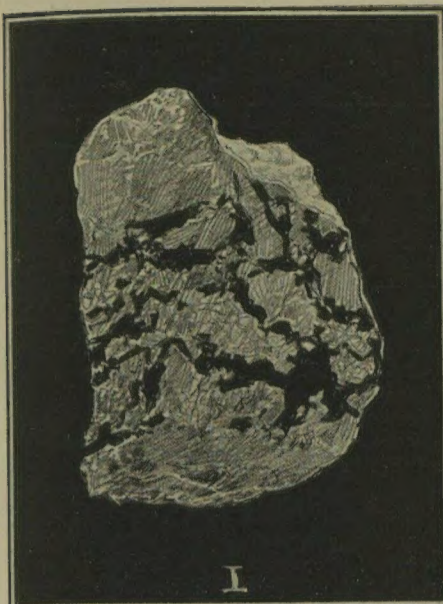
Photo. Illustrated Press Bureau.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE: FEEDING ASIATIC SOLDIERS WHO WERE NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE QUAY ON LANDING AT SALONIKA.

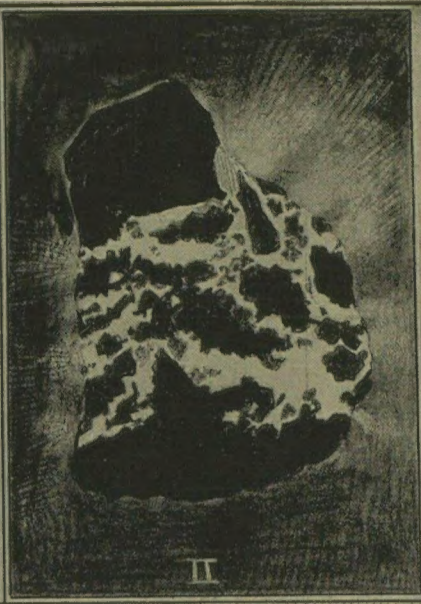
and his three brothers all gained considerable celebrity in the same calling, one of the sons, Matthew, training six winners of the Derby and the St. Leger, and five of the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, and the Oaks—an achievement but once eclipsed. John Dawson himself had only the good fortune to train one Derby winner, Prince Batthyany's Galopin, who won in 1875, and was the sire of St. Simon. In the following year he was responsible for Lord Dupplin's Petrarch, who won the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger. Among the other horses

A KEY TO NEW REALMS OF SCIENCE: RADIUM, ITS ORIGIN AND PROPERTIES.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.



I



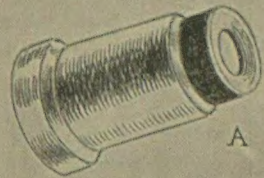
II

SIR W. CROOKES ON RADIUM.

RADIUM is extracted from pitchblende. I. is a piece of the ore with a polished flat surface, with the dark pitchblende itself lying in a "gangue" of felspar, quartz, hornblende, etc. In total darkness, I laid this piece face down upon a sensitised plate, and let it act with its own light for twenty-four hours. The result was a photograph (II.), where the black pitchblende appeared light owing to the emanations from the radium contained in it. The photograph also shows these going off into space from the sides of the specimen. Radium is sold in Germany at eight shillings a milligramme: at this rate one pound, if it could be had, would cost over £180,000. Once I carried a piece of radium in my waistcoat-pocket to a soirée at the Royal Society, and on reaching home found I had a nasty blister in my side. The blisters from radium may take months to get well, as the injurious effect goes so deep. Now I carry a thick lead box (IV.) just large enough to hold the little brass case (V.) in which I keep the radium itself. There it lies—a little tawny crystalline patch. There would hardly be a larger quantity together in one box anywhere

in England. There are several kinds of emanations from radium. Photographs similar to those produced by the Röntgen-ray tube and induction coil can be got by means of the emanations from a small quantity of radium. I took a screen made of zincblende (IX.), which will phosphoresce when the emanations of radium fall upon it. I then painted upon it, in a solution of radium, the word "Radium." In the dark this screen (about 3 in. by 4 in.) gives off sufficient light to read by. But the most striking way of showing the emanations is by the little contrivance I call a Spintharoscope (X.). In this a zinc sulphide screen is fitted at the end of a short brass tube, with a speck of radium about a millimetre away from it. Looking in the dark through the lens at the other end, one sees a regular bombardment of the screen by the emanations. The phenomena of radium require us to recast many of our ideas of matter, electricity, and energy, and its discovery promises to realise what for the last hundred years have been but daydreams of philosophy.

X



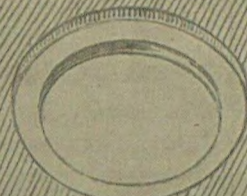
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B



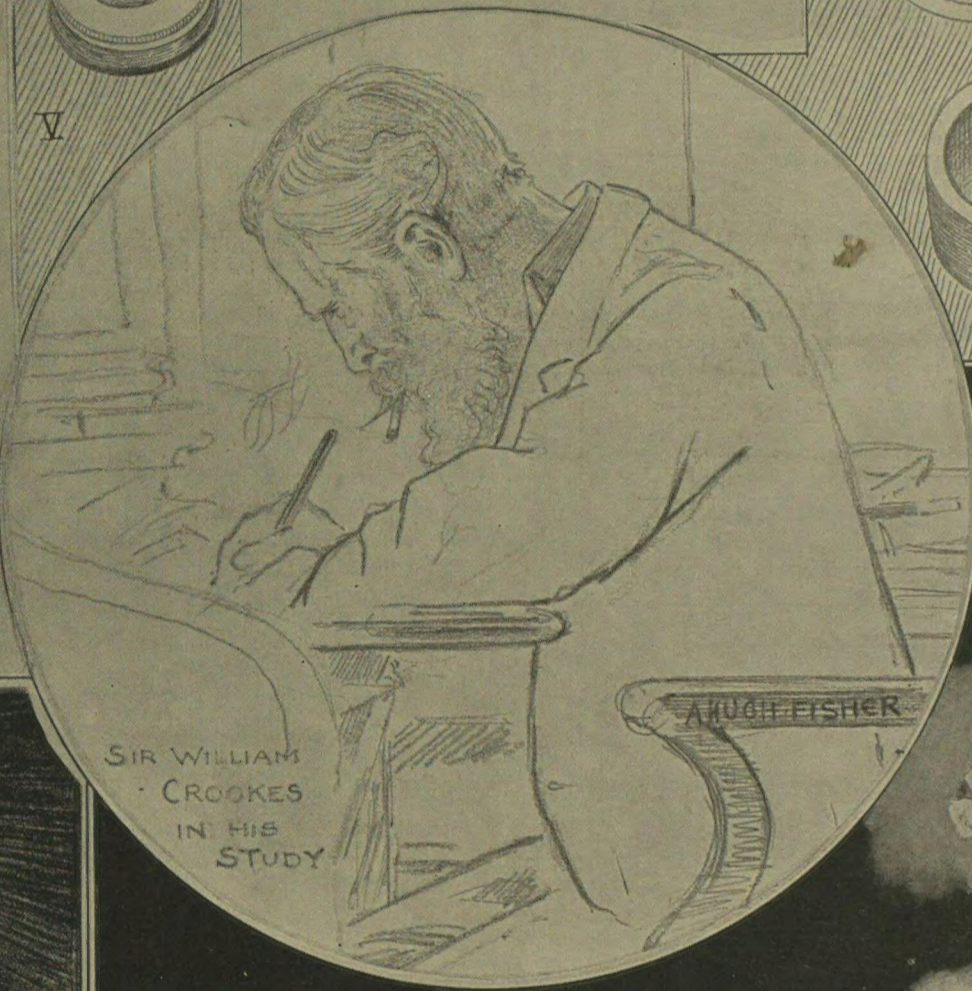
V



IV

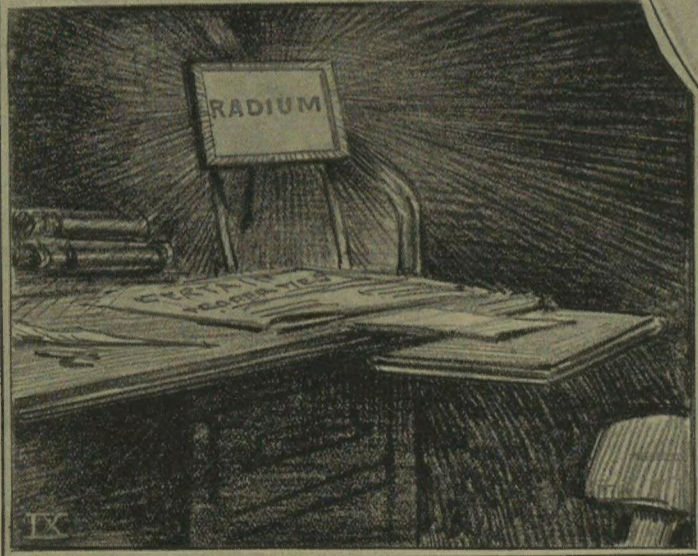


III



SIR WILLIAM CROOKES IN HIS STUDY

A. HUGH FISHER



IX

URANITE

ORANGITE

AUTUNITE

THORITE

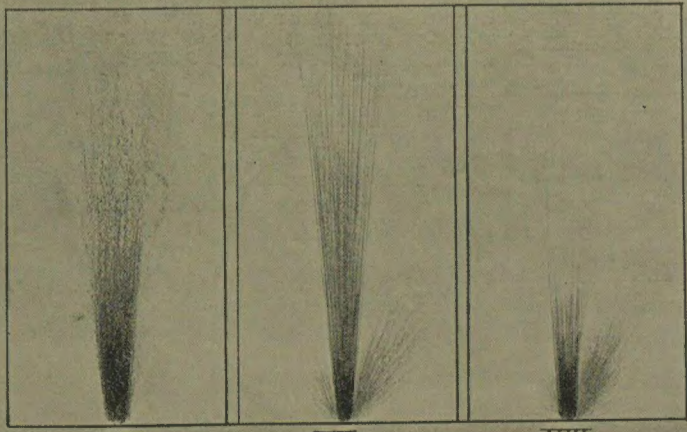
EUXENITE

SIPILITE

BROGGERITE

SAMARSKITE

ALVITE



VI

VII

VIII

- I. A SLICE OF PITCHBLENDE ORE FROM CORNWALL, CONTAINING RADIUM.
 II. RADIOGRAPH IMPRESSED IN THE DARK BY THE SAME, SHOWING LUMINOUS PITCHBLENDE PARTS EMITTING RADIANT ENERGY.
 III. SIMILAR RADIOGRAPHS OF PIECES OF VARIOUS ORES CONTAINING RADIUM TAKEN BY THEIR OWN LIGHT.
 IV. THICK LEAD BOX FOR CARRYING RADIUM IN THE POCKET.

- V. TINY BRASS CASE CONTAINING RADIUM, WHICH IS SEEN THROUGH THE GLASS TOP. CONTAINS MORE RADIUM THAN THERE IS IN ONE LOT IN ENGLAND.
 VI. EMANATIONS FROM RADIUM UNCOVERED, AND NOT UNDER MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.
 VII. EMANATIONS FROM RADIUM UNCOVERED, BUT UNDER MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.

- VIII. EMANATIONS FROM RADIUM COVERED, AND UNDER MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.
 IX. FRAMED SCREEN OF ZINCBLLENDE WITH LETTERING PAINTED UPON IT WITH SOLUTION OF RADIUM.
 X. SPINTHARISCOPE: A, WITH EYE-PIECE INSERTED; B, WITH EYE-PIECE WITHDRAWN, SHOWING SPECK OF RADIUM IN FRONT OF THE CIRCULAR AREA OF ZINC SULPHIDE.
 XI. SIR WILLIAM CROOKES WRITING ABOUT RADIUM.

at various times under his care were Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Best Man and Disraeli.

MR. BALFOUR ON THE CORN DUTY. A deputation, introduced by Mr. Chaplin and including the venerable Duke of Rutland, whom the weight of eighty-five years could not deter from making this reappearance in public life to deliver his conscience, waited on the Prime Minister on the afternoon of May 15 to protest against Mr. Ritchie's proposed repeal of the corn duty. Mr. Chaplin contended that the tax had given a great impetus to the milling industry in England, that it was a benefit to the farmer and no burden to the consumer; further, that the Government which introduced the duty was committed to its continuance. Many millers, he said, had, in the assurance of a permanent corn duty, greatly increased their plant, and the revived industry ought not to be strangled. Mr. Balfour, who replied in a very lengthy speech, argued that the tax was not originally intended to be Protective, and the Government was not bound in honour to retain it for a definite number of years. He could not entertain any proposal to amend Mr. Ritchie's Budget on this point.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TENACITY. Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable speech at Birmingham shows that he adheres to his proposal of an Imperial Zollverein. He is in favour of imposing preferential tariffs which shall operate against foreign trade with this country for the benefit of Colonial trade. He considers this to be true Free Trade, and a development of the policy which gave us Cobden's Commercial Treaty with

in the Salonika district, between the Turks and the insurgents, the latter lost eleven killed and two wounded. The insurgents were armed with Gras rifles. A grocer, who lived opposite the Ottoman Bank at Salonika, in a tunnel beneath whose house dynamite was found, has been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the recent outrages. It is announced from Sofia that the new Bulgarian Cabinet has been formed with General Petroff as Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

RESOLUTE GOVERNMENT IN VICTORIA.

The strike which paralysed the public service in Victoria has ended in the unconditional surrender of the strikers. The Government summoned the Legislature, and introduced a Bill which virtually declared the action of the railway-men to be flat rebellion. Any man leaving his employment without a fortnight's notice was to be liable to a year's imprisonment and a heavy fine. All incitements to resistance were to be punished with equal severity, and the police were authorised to treat suspected persons as they are treated in Russia. The strike was an attempt by the Labour Party to absorb the railway servants of the State in a political organisation which aims at dominating the Colony. That has been foiled by the courage of Mr. Irvine, the Premier of Victoria. His method has taken our breath away, but the emergency was grave. It is not the first time, moreover, that the most democratic authorities have resorted to arbitrary measures in the interests of the community. When a railway strike at Chicago deranged the mail service, and threw the country into confusion, it was suppressed without ceremony by the Federal troops. The United States Government did not pause to debate law and precedent, but acted with peremptory decision. These are extreme cases, no doubt; but it is instructive that they should occur in countries where the men in power cannot be accused of reactionary principles, and where public opinion is supreme.

THE CAMPANILE AT VENICE.

The work of restoring the fallen Campanile at Venice is now proceeding apace, and the foundation of the new tower was recently solemnly dedicated. With this in view, one turns with peculiar interest to Canaletto's drawing of the repair of the Campanile in 1745, after it had been struck by lightning. By that mishap nearly two-thirds of one of the angles of the tower proper were torn down, and the fall of the debris carried away part of the balustrade of the Loggetta of Sansovino, that delicate architectural gem which perished utterly in the disaster of last year. Our illustration is reproduced from the May number of the *Burlington Magazine*, which publishes also another drawing of Canaletto's, illustrating the same accident. The present number of the *Burlington* contains, besides, many excellent illustrations and articles, one of the most noteworthy being a description of a newly discovered pack of Lyonnese playing-cards dating from 1470.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The Royal Military Tournament, which opened its twenty-fourth season at the Agricultural Hall on May 15, retains many of its popular features. Bayonet, lance, and sword competitions, gymnastic displays, bareback horseman-ship, field-gun drill, lemon-cutting, tent-pegging, driving displays by the Royal Artillery, and the musical double ride are all given the prominence due to old favourites, but the novelty is provided by the representation of the Durbar pageant, in which Tommy Atkins, with the aid of colour, costume, and Clarkson, assists in the reproduction of a scene that is at once historic and picturesque. Their Majesties the King and Queen showed their customary interest in the charitable object of the display by visiting it on the Saturday, their first opportunity after their return from Scotland.

THE FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

Even his bitterest and most obstinate political enemy will acknowledge that Mr. Brodrick has proved the much-discussed four Army Corps something more than a collection of skeleton regiments largely recruited from the shades. It is as satisfactory as it will be surprising to many to note that the first three Army Corps—the corps, that is to say, upon which we rely for expeditionary purposes—are almost complete, and, together with the Reserves, ready for mobilisation. Seven of the twelve battalions necessary to complete these corps are actually in existence, but cannot be accommodated within the area. The Fourth Corps, destined for home defence, is composed almost entirely of Militia and Volunteer infantry, the whole of which are ready. Altogether a most reassuring report.

THE LAW AND THE MOTOR.

Mr. Walter Long proposes to abolish the present limit of speed for motor-cars. The law, he says, is "a farce." That is indisputable. When constables, disguised as tramps, hide in ditches to catch motor-cars, which are seldom caught; and when a lady, who drove to Glasgow without a stop, describes gleefully to interviewers how



MARY DEVINE, THE LITTLE CRIPPLED GIRL WHO, WITH HER ESCORT, PRESENTED A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.

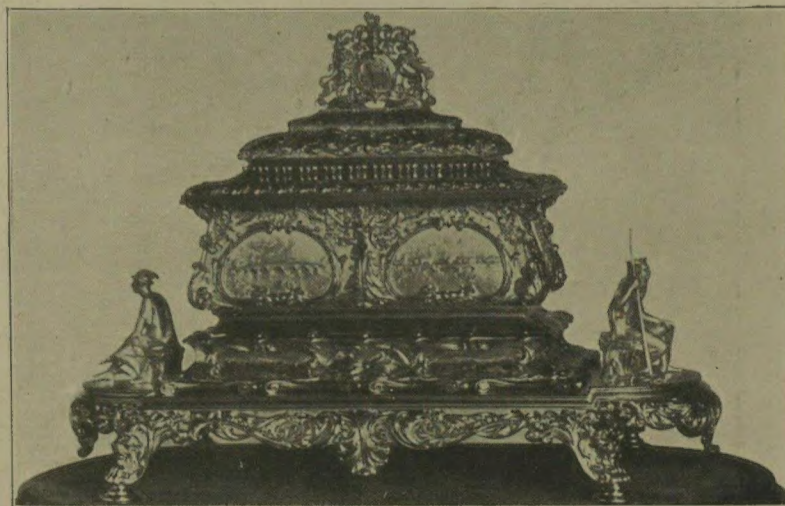
the police were checkmated, it is clear that the "farce" is played out. No such law can be enforced. Mr. Long compromises by saying that means must be taken to identify motorists (or is it motorians?) and to ensure the safety of the public. In America, motor-cars are more disliked than they are here. The Governor of New York State has signed a Bill which fixes the speed at ten miles an hour when the motor-car is passing a post office or a country church. That law is in imminent danger of being described as "a farce." And yet there is the natural objection of the average man to a locomotive on the high road!

KISHINEFF.

A strong light is thrown on the massacre of Jews at Kishineff by a Russian document communicated to the *Times*. This purports to be a secret dispatch from the Minister of the Interior to the Governor of Bessarabia, warning him that an attack on the Jews was impending and that he was to check disorder "by means of admonitions without recourse to arms." When the populace rose against the Jews, the authorities, police and military, refused to intervene. The Jewish inhabitants in other districts have taken alarm, and proposed to form organisations for self-defence; but they have been warned by the Minister of the Interior that such a course is illegal and cannot be sanctioned. When the Jews are attacked, therefore, they must have no protection from the law; and should they take precaution against attack, they will be severely punished. It is slightly reassuring to learn that the Governor of Kishineff has been relieved of his post.

THE NEW KEW BRIDGE.

For the third time, the river at Kew has been spanned by a bridge. The last and finest of the structures, the King Edward VII. Bridge, which was opened by his Majesty on May 20, has been building for three years. It consists of three elliptical arches, of which the centre one has a span of 133 ft. It has been constructed of granite from Cornwall and Aberdeen. The earliest

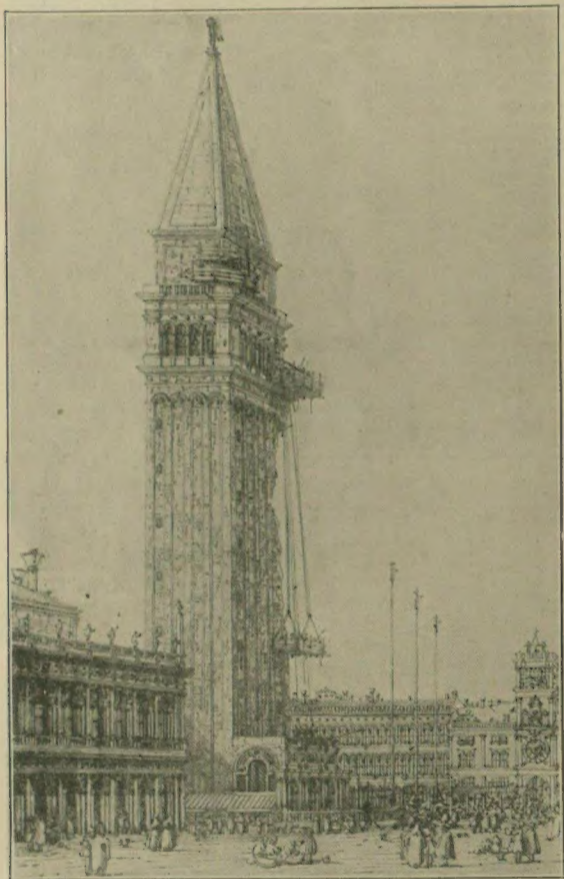


THE OPENING OF THE NEW BRIDGE AT KEW: THE CASKET PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY, MAY 20.

bridge, which replaced the old horse-ferry, was erected by one Robert Tunstall in the reign of George II. It was completed in 1759, and remained in use for nearly thirty years, when it was removed to make way for the second bridge. Pictures of the three bridges in oxidised silver appear on the golden casket presented to King Edward on the occasion of the opening of Kew Bridge. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, were entrusted with the work of preparing this souvenir of the event.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

Although no very precise details can be arrived at concerning the fight between the Imperial Turkish troops and the Albanians at Ipek, it is given out at Constantinople that several hundred Albanians were killed and wounded. A report is current in the same quarter that the Albanians of Ipek have telegraphed to the Sultan to announce their submission and declare their fidelity. The trend of affairs in the Balkans is watched at Yıldiz Kiosk with equanimity. In the affray which took place at Tsapari,



THE CAMPANILE AT VENICE UNDER REPAIR AFTER BEING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING IN 1745.

From a drawing by Canaletto, reproduced in the "*Burlington Magazine*" and here given by permission of the publishers.

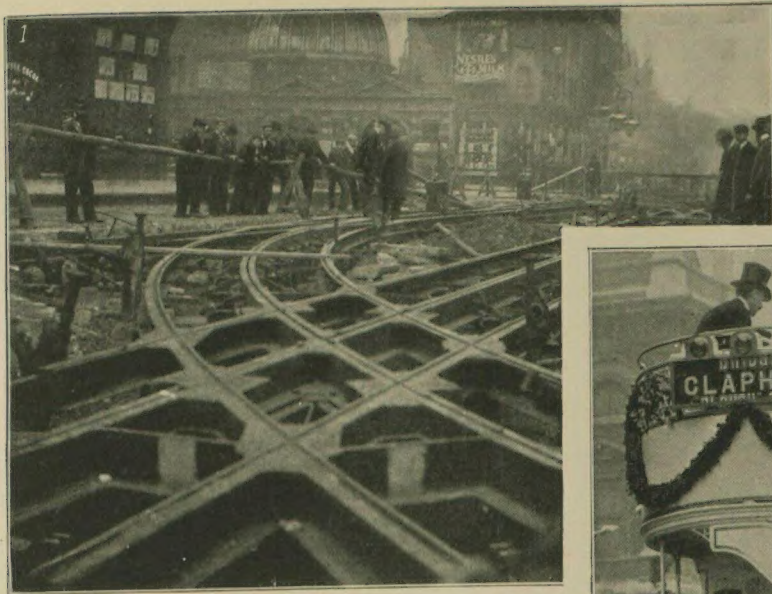
THE TWENTY-FOURTH ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: THE KING'S VISIT.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE DELHI DURBAR AT ISLINGTON: SCENES IN THE ARENA AND AUDITORIUM DURING THE KING'S VISIT ON MAY 16.

In addition to the usual exhibition of military training, the great spectacle of 1903 is a reproduction of the Delhi Durbar.



THE NETWORK OF POINTS AT THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

THE
OPENING
OF THE
SOUTH LONDON
ELECTRIC
TRAMWAYS.

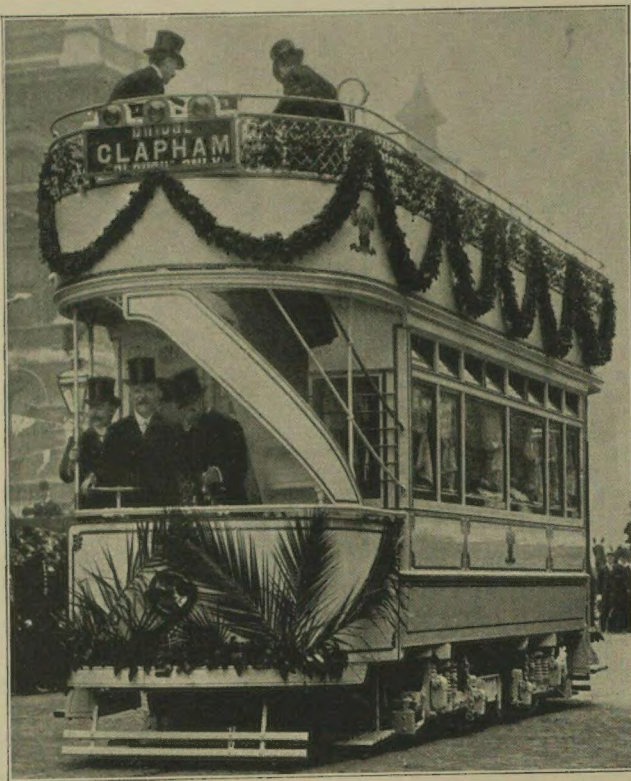


THE TRAMWAYS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



Photo. Art Reproduction Co.

THE CAR (DECORATED BY WARING) USED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE INAUGURAL JOURNEY OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.



THE PRINCE AS CAR
DRIVER:
H.R.H. STARTING THE
FIRST ELECTRIC TRAM
FROM
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
TO TOOTING,
MAY 15.

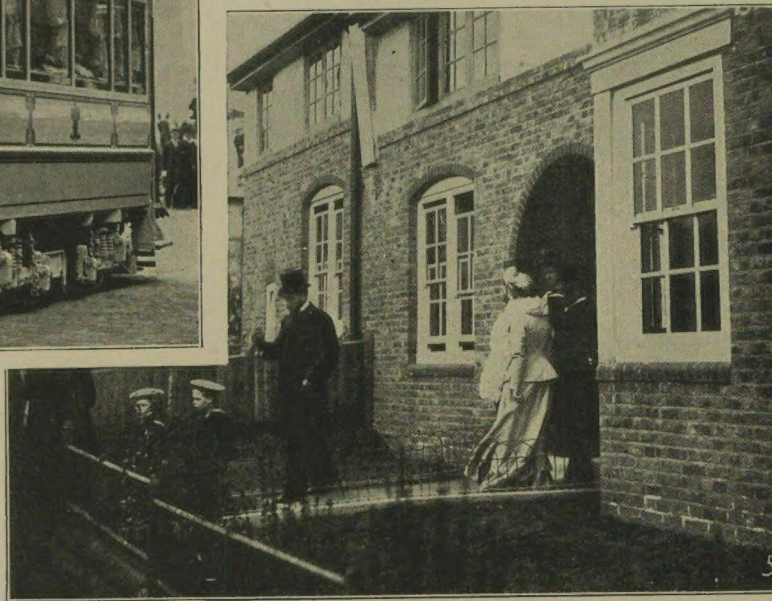


Photo. Pollard, Streatham.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, WITH PRINCES EDWARD AND ALBERT, VISITING A WORKMAN'S DWELLING AT TOOTING.



THE RETURN OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO LONDON AFTER THEIR VISIT TO SCOTLAND: THE INDIAN GUARD AT KING'S CROSS STATION, MAY 15.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

When their Majesties arrived at the Great Northern terminus they were received by Lord Allerton, the Chairman of the Company, and other officials of the line. Drawn up on the platform were the orderly officers who have lately arrived from the East to form King Edward's Indian bodyguard. Their scarlet uniforms and brilliant turbans lent life and colour to the scene.

THE RETURN OF QUARTERMASTER RICHARDSON.

By WALTER WOOD.



Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

QUARTERMASTER RICHARDSON stepped ashore with the bloodlessness of twenty years of Indian service on his face and the set of a man who has soldiered for a quarter of a century. No one had said good-bye to him when he left England as a private; no one welcomed him on his return with the honorary—and hollow—rank of captain.

It was spring when the troop-ship carried him from England; it was spring when he left the transport at Southampton and entered the train for a long, unbroken journey north. He was a well-built man of forty-five, with a hard face, in which were deeply set a pair of steel-blue eyes. His lips were hidden by a thick moustache, but the strong chin indicated a mouth that showed no sign of weakness. He was an unemotional man, but as he breathed the pure air of the country through the open window, scented the smell of the fresh earth, and noticed the bursting buds of the trees, there was a colouring of the parchment-like cheeks, a lighting of the eyes, and a quickening of the steady pulse.

He was alone in his compartment, and, undisturbed, he spread out various sheets and papers and read them. One was addressed to Private Benjamin Richardson, and was in the writing of a woman—not a highly educated woman. "Poor Mary!" he murmured; "I always meant to answer it—and never did. I suppose she's the mother of a bouncing grown-up family now—perhaps a grandmother. How she'll stare when she learns the truth! Her old friend Benjie as a British officer!"

He took up from the seat a sheet of notepaper, upon which was carefully pasted the *Gazette* announcement that Quartermaster and Honorary Captain B. Richardson, Northshire Regiment, was placed on retired pay, and examined other papers, which told in brief the story of his Army life and his advancement, step by step.

It was nearly twenty-five years, to the very day, since Quartermaster Richardson had left home. The life of the country was too dull and slow for him, the prospect of succeeding his father and taking over the little farm which had been the home of Richardsons for generations was too unattractive, even with the certain hope of marrying Mary Pearson. In a fit of discontent with his surroundings, and fired with ambition, he had enlisted. From the day of leaving home he had never written to his people.

At the end of twenty years the chance occurred of realising a dream which was the long result of thought. In a hundred and one quiet ways, implied and sometimes openly expressed, it had been borne in upon Quartermaster Richardson that he was not, and could not be, of the class to which his brother officers belonged. For the most part they tolerated and respected him, but he lacked the nameless something which could put him on a level with them. He bore himself in silence and waited. At the earliest moment he

retired, and with his savings and his pension was equipped for the achievement of his purpose. He was now on his way to carry out his dream.

It was a reasonable enough ambition—to buy for himself the old home, the house with which the name of Richardson had been associated for generations, which had been built by a Richardson, and in which Richardsons of a hard stock had been born and had died. His own father had fallen on evil times, so much so that the property could no longer be called his own. It could be no great task to carry out the redemption. But more than all things else was the wish to settle as a man of some position. Quartermaster Richardson had entered the Army with vague ideas of the equality of man. Years ago these crude beliefs had been swept

to the winds, and experience had shown him the hopelessness of amalgamating conflicting castes. He had his own position in the world, and he was prepared and anxious to fill it. Perhaps he was not so good as some of the officers with whom he had associated, he thought bitterly, but he must be a poor specimen if he was not better than others. There were those who could go back to undoubted successive generations of ancestors, and there were those who were owners of manufactured grandfathers. The Richardsons may not have been much, but at least they were solid, honest men from generation to generation, and there was no questioning their pedigree. Of everything to the credit of the family the Quartermaster had assured himself in his years of absence, and he was coming home to put the crowning touch to its respectability by acquiring and living in the family home.

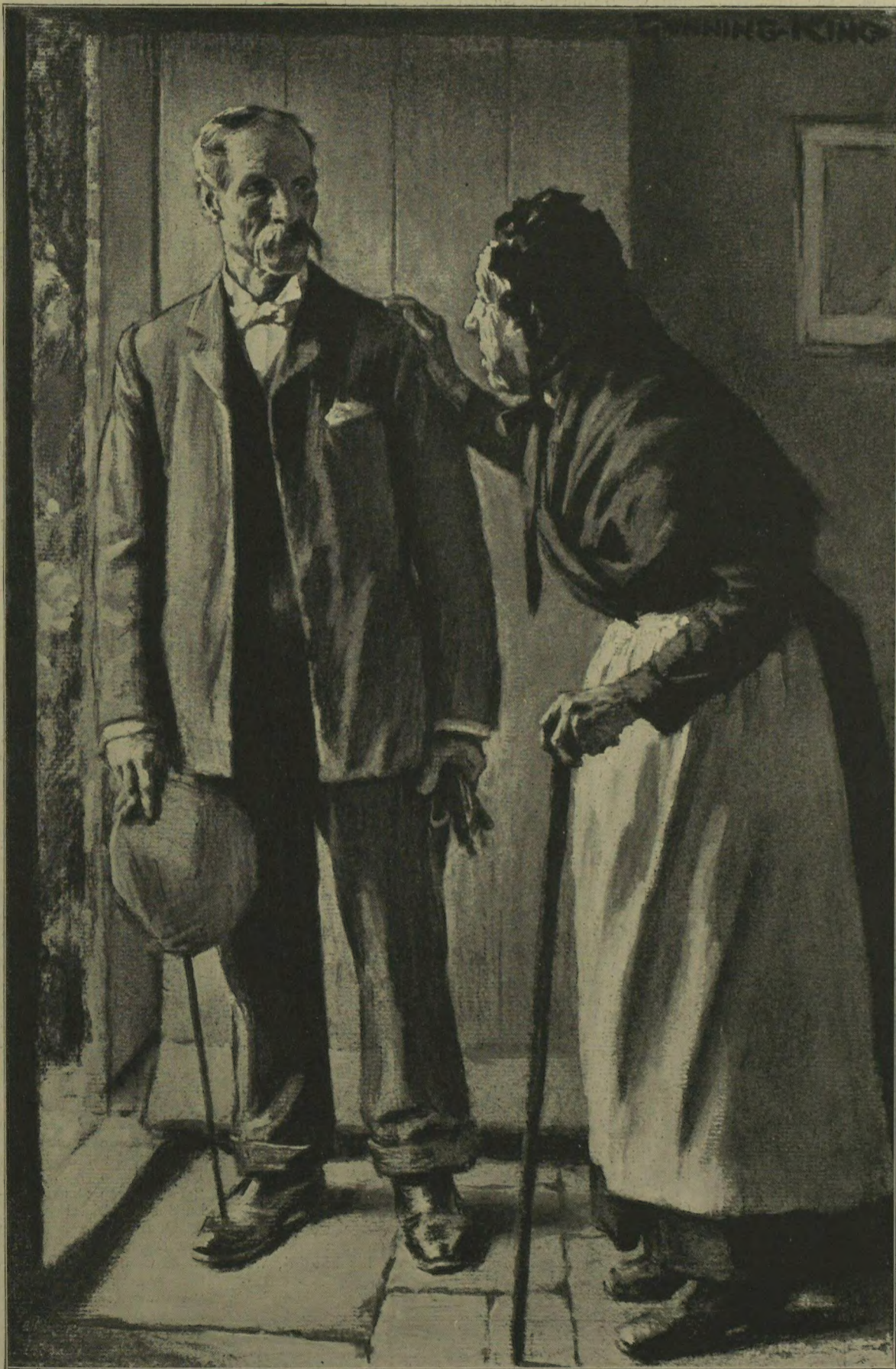
It was curious in Quartermaster Richardson that while he had been absent he had lost count of time as well as broken touch with his people. Changes he expected to find; deaths were inevitable; but his native village, four miles from each of two large towns and midway between them, had not, when he left it, moved for many years, and the idea of progress in connection with it had never occurred to him.

At one of these two towns he arrived late at night. In the old days he had known an antiquated railway station; now he alighted at a great modern structure with spacious platforms lighted by garish electric lamps. Outside was a change as striking. The entire aspect of the town was new—even the town itself had become, and was called officially, a city.

Quartermaster Richardson put up for the night at the railway hotel, a fine new building which in former times would have filled him with awe, and the mere thought of entering which would have disturbed his peace of mind. In the morning he left his baggage at the station, to be called for. Then, with a thrill of expectation, he made his way to the Town Hall, the starting-point in the past of many weary walks back to the farm with his father after visiting the market of the town. Sometimes they had travelled by a two-horse bus, with a smoky little oil lamp lighting the interior, and a thick layer of straw on the floor.

Quartermaster Richardson smiled. "I'll go by the bus," he said to himself. "It starts from the Town Hall. It will be resurrecting old times."

He walked on, and stood bewildered. A network of tramlines was in existence, and trolley-cars were humming over them. On the front of one of the cars he saw the name of his village, and questioning a policeman who was on point duty—in the old days the traffic regulated itself, and the constables, he recollected, were armed with walking-sticks as well as truncheons—he learned that the car went past the village, and so to the town beyond.



"I could believe you're Benjie risen from the dead."

He climbed to the top, and as he made the journey he recognised, as he might have recalled a dream, some of the older streets and buildings on the sides of the road along which he and his father had so often travelled. Then they had soon left the town and were in the country; now they were in the town all the way until he reached his native place. New houses, new shops, new streets—miles of them it seemed—and new people, men and women and children who did not even speak the old tongue, for that was honest dialect, and this was Board-school English.

There was an old inn at the junction of the high-road and a country lane down which he had been accustomed to pass to the village. Formerly his father had stepped in for a drink of home-brewed ale before the last spell of walking, and the son with him. There used to be a rubicund old landlord and a placid rosy landlady who called him "Benjie," and sat all day long in a cosy red-curtained bar in front of which was a pewter counter.

Quartermaster Richardson entered. There was not a sign of the bar or a trace of the old rooms. Formerly the place was named the Pear Tree Inn, and had clean-sanded floors; now it was called "Hotel," and there was a flashy hall, an elegant bar, and doors leading into carpeted apartments—which were smoke-room, commercial-room, coffee-room, and so on. He went to the bar and was served with a whisky-and-soda by a talkative young woman. To his questions she replied that she had never heard of the old landlord and landlady, never knew that the house had been called the Pear Tree Inn, and announced that the hotel was the property of a brewery company which had bought and rebuilt twenty public-houses within a radius of two miles and was buying and rebuilding more.

"There used to be a farm—Field-End Farm—at the bottom of this lane," he said. "A man named Richardson had it."

"I've never been down the lane," she answered. "I come and go by car. I never heard the name of Richardson."

He left the building, his drink untasted, and struck down the lane. On each side of him were villas and gardens, but these he left behind him at a turning, and at last entered a path which showed few signs of change. A thick hedge was on his right, and on his left the steep fields ran down to a well-remembered brook, beyond which rose a thick wood. One more turning and Field-End Farm was before his eyes—after twenty-five years.

Quartermaster Richardson stopped and lit his pipe, and, leaning against a gate which opened upon a field at the end of which the farm stood, he puffed and thought. Here, at least, were no signs of change. It was the back of the buildings which faced him, and they looked just as they might have looked a quarter of a century earlier. On the right rose the long farm-buildings, nearer him were the stables, in front was the house itself, a large, comfortable structure with a little cottage tacked on to it. In this cottage in the old days an aunt and uncle had lived—the aunt his mother's sister, and the uncle a man who loved beer better than work.

Quartermaster Richardson put his pipe away. "The last time I passed through this gate," he muttered, "I was a country bumpkin—a lout in love. He laughed a little. "Why, here they are still: 'B. R.' and 'M. P.,' the initials we cut with my knife that lazy Sunday afternoon." He scanned the letters, and half sighed as he opened the gate and passed through, letting it swing and close by its own weight. He was an unemotional man, but many and varied sensations possessed him as he walked along the path, which, running past the end of the farm, led into the village. There was another gate to open—within fifty yards of the farm, and he was pulling this towards him when there approached a man of his own age, apparently a small farmer.

"Can you tell me if this is Field-End Farm?" asked Quartermaster Richardson. At the last moment he had resolved to carry out a species of reconnoitring.

The farmer took a pipe from his mouth. "That's what they used to call it," he answered. "But for ten years it's been Vale View."

Quartermaster Richardson looked hard at his companion. His memory was keen and fresh, and he recognised this man as a schoolfellow, a dull boy whom he had more or less patronised. He remembered, too, assuring him that if he ever became a man of position he would not forget his former friends. He showed no sign of recognition, and mentally decided that on his return as a resident in the village the farmer was not a man with whom he could be on more than distant terms. The farmer clearly had no suspicion of his identity.

"Ah! They used to call it Field-End Farm, did they?" said Quartermaster Richardson.

"In poor old Richardson's time, aye," replied the farmer. He put his right foot on a stone near him and puffed placidly at his pipe. He was prepared to talk, and obviously had time for speech. "It had been Richardson's farm for generations, an' they did well with it, too, till George Richardson's time. Then everything went wrong. He meant well, but he'd no ballast, an' things slipped through his fingers. They made him bankrupt—let me see—aye, twenty year since, an' he shot himself in that barn." The farmer nodded towards the long building at right angles to the house. "A year after that his wife died. Then a brother-in-law took it on, an' what George Richardson hadn't ended he finished. His widow's livin' in this bit of a cottage; she's an old woman—eighty, I should think. My missis sends her bits o' things, an' my lass Jane—she's twenty next Thursday—comes in an' does what she can."

"That's very kind of you all," said Quartermaster Richardson. These were people whom he meant, as owner of the converted farm, to patronise.

"Not it," said the farmer heartily; "it's common duty. Besides, if I didn't do this there'd be nothing for

it but her goin' on t' parish, an' I shouldn't like to see t' last o' t' Richardsons do that."

"Is she the last?" asked Quartermaster Richardson, with a dry mouth.

"Aye," said the farmer. "There used to be a lad—Benjie—but he went for a sowjer five-an'-twenty year since. From that day to this he's never been seen nor heard of. They say he went to India an' died o' cholera."

"Many die that way," said Quartermaster Richardson. "Why do they call this place 'Vale View'?"

"Oh, fancy, I 'xpect, an' because they used to be able to see all across t' valley. Mr. Pexton altered t' name when he bought Field-End Farm, an' altered that, too. You can't see much change here, but you can on t' other side. My word! if you'd known this farm an' this village five-an'-twenty year since you couldn't recognise it, it's that changed. Come an' look."

The farmer led the way to the end of the path, past the house. Here Quartermaster Richardson's recollection failed him. He recognised nothing. A great wall had been built round the house, leaving a passage for admission to the cottage. The old orchard and fold, the mullioned windows, many of the old trees, had been swept away.

"He's turned t' farm into a gentleman's house," said the farmer; "but Pexton 'll never be a gentleman. He used to be a collier, and now he owns a mine. He can alter his house, but you can't make silk out of pig's bristles. Come on—there he is, in his shirt-sleeves; if he sees us lookin' through his gate he'll come an' order us off. I've had bother enough with him, an' don't want insultin'. Hello! Jane's signalling for me. Well, I must be goin'—but if you want to know anything else about this place, just slip in an' see Mrs. Baxter—poor old body, she'll be glad of a chat, even with a stranger."

The farmer pointed to the door of the little cottage, and Quartermaster Richardson thanked him as he hurried off to his daughter.

The soldier remained standing and thinking. "My dream is shattered—why should I seek more stabs?" he asked himself; then, for many reasons, he knocked and entered the cottage. It was a two-roomed dwelling, a living-room below and a bed-room upstairs. Mrs. Baxter, his aunt, obviously lived in the downstairs room, for there was a neatly made bed in it. The old woman was sitting near a little fire, and on a small three-legged table near her was a teapot, a teacup, and some bread-and-butter. She had just finished a late breakfast, which also served as dinner.

"Good morning, Missis," said Quartermaster Richardson on entering.

"Sit down, Mister," she replied. "Bring that chair up—I can't—I'm too old."

"I can manage, Missis," he assured her. He put his hat and gloves and stick across his knees and seated himself, his back to the window. He, like her, looked into the fire. That kept him from dwelling on the poverty of the interior.

"What might you be wantin', Mister?" she inquired curiously, raising her dim eyes for a moment and looking towards him.

"Well, Missis, the fact is, I want to hear a few particulars about the people who used to live next door—the Richardsons. I'm a soldier, and I knew a man called Richardson who said he came from these parts."

That opened the flood-gates of the old woman's memory. In long, rambling, disconnected sentences she told him the family history—her own, his father's, his mother's, all the Richardsons for three generations. Then she volleyed questions concerning him who had gone for a soldier. "He were my sister's son, an' my nephew," she explained; "but I reckon he wouldn't ha' cared to own me, even if he'd been livin', if he'd seen me come to this." She gave a slow turn of the head which indicated the bare home.

Quartermaster Richardson kept his eyes steadfastly on the little fire, but a shiver went through him as he glanced swiftly at the poor figure. Again he remembered why he had returned from the East. "This country's cold, Missis, after India," he said explanatorily. "Well," he continued, "this young fellow—Benjamin, they called him—"

"Aye, that were his name," she interrupted, "but we allus called him Benjie."

"—Enlisted when I did, in the Northshire Regiment."

"I remember, I remember," she murmured. "Went for a sowjer. Aye, it made his father do what he did, an' killed his mother—that's the truth of it. But go on."

"He was a smart young fellow and anxious to get on," continued Quartermaster Richardson. "They took a liking to him in his regiment—that is, his superior officers, the colonel, and the rest; and before very long they made him a corporal."

"You may be sure he'd force 'em to make him summat," said the old woman. "It wouldn't suit his ticket to be nowt but a common sowjer. But go on, Mister. You seem to ha' known him very well."

"We were always together, Missis."

"You're a likely lookin' man, an' I should say to his likin', for he were very particular in his choice o' mates, were Benjie. But go on, Mister."

"Then they made him a sergeant," proceeded the Quartermaster.

"Ah," said the old woman, "he were a grand lad, an' would be a fine sergeant. He were a rare un to order fowk about an' mak' 'em do his biddin', were Benjie."

"Then they let him wear a scarlet sash round his shoulder, and after that they made him quartermaster-sergeant, and he did so well that in time—and not so very long, either—they promoted him to be sergeant-major. Do you know what sergeant-major is, Missis?"

"No," she said, shaking her head; "but it sounds grand."

"It means that he almost commanded his battalion, that he was a man of great power and importance, that the men had to say 'Sir' to him, and that he could make their lives miserable or happy—as he liked."

"Sir" would be balm to his heart," she said; "for Benjie were a born gentleman. An' as for his power—God pity them 'at rubbed him up t' wrong way! An' to think 'at this were my sister's son!"

"One day," he continued, strangely fascinated by his task, "they gave him a commission, and called him Quartermaster, and he became one of the officers, but in another regiment, so that he could make quite a fresh start."

"An' he'd be as fine a gentleman as any on 'em," commented the old woman. "Why, thirty year sin' come next Boxin' Day he jumped up in a torrent o' passion an' went out into t' wood because his father were eatin' Christmas-puddin' wi' a knife. Aye, he'd be a perfect gentleman, would Benjie."

"So he thought, too," continued the Quartermaster, "till he found out. They made him officer and called him gentleman, and he was neither. He was barred from mixing with his old companions, and his new ones wanted none of him. He was too good for the one lot, and not good enough for the other; so he went his own way and kept himself to himself, and worked and saved and hoped and dreamt."

"He were allus one to be fanciful," said the old woman. "I remember when he were a lad at school—they paid sixpence a week for him, so 'at he could be a scholar—he came to me one day an' axed if I didn't think 'at some time a grand lady 'ud come an' claim him as her son. An' another time he wrote his name in a copybook as Sir Benjamin Richardson, an' Lord Benjamin, an' I don't know what—all sorts o' nonsense 'at fair made you laugh. Aye, he were a grand scholar, were Benjie."

"In ten years more," the Quartermaster went on, "he'd finished his service, an' they'd made him captain—Captain Benjamin Richardson. Think of that, Missis—your nephew a captain in the Army, and his papers signed by the Queen herself."

"Aye, an' like enough she'd be glad to have a chat with him before he took 'em off; for he were a grand talker, wi' a handwritin' like copperplate, too," said the old woman placidly. She sighed as she added, "Ah! If he'd nobbut stopped at home an' put his shoulder to t' wheel things 'ud ha' been different! A lad like that could ha' altered this old farm as Mr. Pexton's altered it—an' lived in it like a gentleman."

Quartermaster Richardson did not give a direct answer. He rose and walked towards the old woman, looking into the almost sightless eyes. "Well, Missis," he said, "I'm sorry to hear all this about your family troubles. I knew your nephew well—as I have said; he often spoke to me about the old home and how he'd come some day and buy it and make a gentleman of himself. That was to be his surprise for people, and that's why he kept so quiet for so long."

"Ah, well," she sighed; "I like to believe 'at he meant well, but I think he forgot, he'd ever had a home an' parents."

"He did me many a good turn, and, as a friend of his, I'd like to leave you this."

Quartermaster Richardson took some loose coins from a waistcoat-pocket and silently put ten sovereigns on the little table. The old woman's dull eyes gleamed, and her thin hands closed greedily over the gold. "I'm not a miser," she said, as if ashamed of her eagerness; "but, thank God, it'll keep me from one thing I dread."

"And what's that?" he asked.

"A parish funeral," she answered.

There was silence for a few moments, then the Quartermaster said, as if casually, "Oh! I forgot. There was a girl called Mary Pearson—a tall girl, with brown hair and grey eyes. I often heard your nephew talk about her. I suppose she's married long ago, and that another tall, grey-eyed Mary is her daughter." He laughed slightly as he spoke, but there was an expectant look in his eyes, and he held his breath until she answered.

"No, she isn't married," the woman told him. "She died ten year come next Midsummer Day, after waitin' fifteen year for him."

"Him? Who?" said Quartermaster Richardson quickly.

"Why, Benjie, to be sure. Him an' her should ha' been man an' wife; but she never heard from him. She could ha' married well—aye, even a minister; but no—it were Benjie or nobody. She'd promised, an' she kept her word."

Again there was silence. Then Quartermaster Richardson said huskily, "Well, Missis, I must go. Good day."

"Good day," she replied, more huskily.

His hand was on the latch when the old woman tottered to her feet and hobbled to his side. "I'll open it for you—it sometimes sticks," she said, with a strange look in her eyes.

She pulled the door open, and Quartermaster Richardson was stepping out. An unsteady bony hand was suddenly placed on his shoulder, and the rheumy eyes peered into his own. "I could believe you're Benjie risen from t' dead!" she exclaimed feebly. "Your voice struck me—an' now your face an' eyes—harder nor his, but just as strong an' blue—"

Quartermaster Richardson moved no muscle of his set, dried face as he gently disengaged the hand, and there was no softening of the eyes as he looked into the woman's, and interrupted her by saying steadily, "We were as like as two peas. But Benjie Richardson meant to come and live in England and be a gentleman, while I—I—my God! Missis, I should choke if I tried to settle in a country where I can't call a soul that breathes my friend. I'm going straight back to India."

He closed the door and walked rapidly away from the cottage.

THE END.



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING HOLYROOD AFTER HOLDING THEIR FIRST SCOTTISH COURT, MAY 12.

More than six hundred ladies were presented at the Court, and one thousand gentlemen attended the King's Levée. The scenes outside and inside Holyrood Palace seemed to revive the ancient splendour of Stuart times.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN EDINBURGH: THE INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL BODYGUARD OF BOWMEN.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN EDINBURGH.



Ensign the Earl of Aberdeen. The Earl of Dalkeith.

Sir James Fergusson

THE KING ADDRESSING THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS AFTER THE INSPECTION AT HOLYROOD, MAY 13.

The Archer Guard, which numbered two hundred and twenty noblemen and gentlemen, were drawn up on the Palace lawn under the romantic shadow of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags. The King said: "It gives me extreme pleasure to inspect my Royal Archers, my bodyguard for Scotland, on the occasion of my first visit since ascending the throne, and I am pleased to recognise many well-known faces in your ranks." His Majesty concluded his speech with a fine compliment to Sir James Fergusson, who was in command.



HIS MAJESTY RECEIVING THE KEYS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

When the King and Queen visited Edinburgh Castle on May 13, their carriage was stopped on the esplanade by the Lyon King-at-Arms, who said he awaited his Majesty's commands to summon the fortress to admit the King. On receiving the order the Herald, with his trumpeters and pursuivants, advanced to the main entrance and sounded a challenge. Immediately a sergeant and a corporal of the Black Watch appeared above the battlements and demanded "Who goes there?" calling upon the Lyon King to give the parole, which the Herald answered correctly with the word "Thistle," at the same time summoning the Castle to open its gates to King Edward. "Advance the King, and all's well," said the sergeant; whereupon the great gates were thrown open, and a company of the Black Watch with drums and pipes swung out at the double to greet his Majesty. At the drawbridge the Governor presented the keys.

FICTION, AND MATERIAL FOR FICTION.

Park Lane. By Percy White. (London: Constable. 6s.)

The Chronicles of Choisy. By John Le Breton and Thomas Le Breton. (London: Foxwell. 6s.)

Francezka. By Molly Elliot Seawell. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)

George Goring's Daughters. By M. E. Carr. (London: Smith, Elder, 6s.)

Mr. Munchausen. By John Kendrick Bangs. (London: Grant Richards.)

The Arcadians. By J. S. Fletcher. (London: John Long. 6s.)

Things About Our Neighbourhood. By Mémie Muriel Dowie. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)

Catherine Sterling. By Norma Lorimer. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

Near the Tsar, near Death. By Fred Whishaw. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Letters of Mdlle. de Lespinasse. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

Mr. Percy White is a novelist of growing power. He began by writing social satire, and he cultivates the same field with fresh marks of maturity in every book. The highest compliment we can pay to "Park Lane" is that it has an air of a certain illustrious classic without being in any sense an imitation. Andrew Banfield, who tells the story, is not an echo of Arthur Pendennis, narrator of "The Newcomes." Pauline Tully-Drew is not a reincarnation of Mrs. Hobson Newcome, that pillar of orthodoxy and social propriety. Lydia, Lady Oxley, who began life as a lady's-maid, is not Bessie Prior, late of the ballet. But these people, and some others in "Park Lane," have a Thackerayan touch which detracts in no sense from their originality. Lydia, who has a tipsy mother, rejects Andrew Banfield, and marries his friend Gerald Oxley, younger son of a peer, and afterwards successor to the title, whose acquaintance she makes in circumstances which recall more than one incident in "Pendennis," and are yet the perfectly natural outcome of Mr. White's observation. He catches the spirit of his great model, but never copies. Banfield is in love with Lady Oxley all his life, and takes his revenge by encouraging the love affair between her son and his niece, the daughter of Tully-Drew, though the two families are divided by a feud as fierce as that of the Montagues and Capulets. The feud is described with delightful humour. Tully-Drew, the ambitious, obstinate financier, who fails for lack of imagination, is not less real than Banfield, the kind-hearted bachelor, and Lydia Oxley, who retains her charm throughout the story, although her romance is told in the early chapters. This proof of Mr. White's uncommon skill would alone make "Park Lane" a notable novel. But the whole book is written with a knowledge of life and an easy mastery of character which leave the most agreeable impressions.

"The Chronicles of Choisy" set out to tell in a series of short stories the life of a French village, which, from internal evidence, one may suppose to lie not many miles from the northern coast of France. The two writers probably know just such a little place; but, in spite of the fact that some of the descriptions of nature are very charming and vivid, the book is disappointing because it remains strictly faithful to the conventional English view of the idyllic French peasant. This is painfully apparent in those stories which deal with the grim realities—here much diluted with rose-water, if such a metaphor be permitted—of the Franco-German War. When one remembers what such writers as Daudet, Zola, Maupassant, and hosts of authors whose names are unknown to English readers, made of this subject, and in short-story form, it is amazing that anyone should have the temerity to tread in the same path, unless, indeed, they have a new message to deliver or a real addition to make to the history of the well-named "Terrible Year." Again, there is scarcely a story among these chronicles but would gain very much had the authors delivered their thought in good, honest, commonplace English. Page after page reads like a bad translation, and French words are constantly introduced into the text for which there is not even the kind of excuse which attaches to such supposedly typical French exclamations as "*Bah, M'sieu!*" and so on. This is the more to be regretted, as when they can forget the fact that the French language has its own idiosyncrasies and peculiarities, Messrs. John and Thomas Le Breton write good, vigorous English.

If any reader has kept up with the multitudinous romances that reach us from the other side of the Atlantic—and a walk to Brighton pales before the physical strain of that feat—he will know that French history supplies the material for most of them. One might be tempted, indeed, to speculate on the proportion of good Americans visiting Paris before they die who indite a French historical novel on their return home; only there is no warrant for assuming that American romancers generally have an acquaintance with the countries of which they write. It were perhaps too much to require that they should, when, for example, their stories play over the wide area of Marshal Saxe's operations in the wars of the Polish and Austrian Successions, as does Miss Seawell's "Francezka." Miss Seawell's daring by no means lies only in the wide margins and spaces of her romance's setting. She is still more audacious in the characters she puts upon her stage. Not only are Count Maurice and Adrienne Lecouvreur numbered among these, but no less a person than Monsieur François Marie Arouet makes many appearances, and at each of them gives us a taste of his quality. It may be said that in her passages of arms Miss Seawell is most successful when they are those of the tongue; and none of her fighting-men—not the ugly Batache, who tells the story, or its hero, Gaston Cheverny, or the Marshal of France himself—is so virile a figure as the valiant shrew, Madame Margarita Riano del Valdozo y Kirkpatrick, Countess of Riano, otherwise Scotch Peg or Peggy Kirkpatrick. This dame enlivens a story which is very long and some-

times tedious, despite the interest which the fortunes of the heroine must arouse. We have to find one fault that does not lie with the author: the advantages which we in this country derive from the privilege of reading American romances are not so conspicuous as to justify outrages like "theater" and "somer" being put upon our language in the issues prepared for British perusal.

The quality of "George Goring's Daughters" is one that runs the risk of being overlooked to-day, lost among the vivid colours and loud protestations of the twentieth-century novels. It is sober; the action moves leisurely; the soft-grey English skies seem to hang over its landscapes and the wide sweep of its silent Moor. Miss M. E. Carr has obviously been influenced by a study of Jane Austen's methods; and it would be hard to find more salutary discipline. A study of a great author is not always profitable, witness the pitfalls into which R. L. Stevenson's will-o'-the-wisp genius has led the indiscreet; but nothing but praise can be given to the results which Miss Carr has attained from her apprenticeship. The book tells the story of two young girls who are left by their father in a Devonshire manor-house in the middle of the great moorlands, and upon whose lives their communings with Nature set an indelible stamp. They come into the world at last, to find how far from its beaten tracks their isolation has led them; they meet love with varying fortunes, and one is consoled for the loss of it by realising that she has the poetic gift. It is a simple story, and no dramatic surprises startle the reader; but it is finely felt; it has its soul's tragedy, its pathos, its contrasted characters; and its production in the present time is a pleasant anachronism. Lucy and Ann, early Victorian to the core in spite of their strange upbringing, possess all the modest charm and shy decorum of the maidens of their vanished day.

There are humours which have their day and cease to be. The "tall" story is one of them. Its day was long-winded; but even in the United States its sun has set. It reached meridian in the famous anecdote of the sportsman who related how he had brought down nine hundred and ninety-nine ducks at one shot. "Why not make it a thousand?" asked a sceptic. "Sir," said the indignant sportsman, "do you think I would imperil my immortal soul for the sake of one darned duck?" The adjective is varied according to taste; but in substance this is the story which closed the account of American humorists with the memory of Munchausen. But Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is not satisfied. He pursues Munchausen to another world, where the Baron's chief associates are Ananias, Sapphira, and Sarah Grand's Heavenly Twins. To this exhilarating company he narrates adventures in a style which is dead on this earth, but apparently alive in the shades. Possibly, this is the point of Mr. Bangs' joke. Or he may wish to convey that it is the eternal punishment of Ananias and Sapphira to be forced to listen to the stale old lying of Munchausen. It is not quite clear why the Heavenly Twins are in this galley; but we cannot expect to penetrate the moral purpose of Mr. Bangs all at once. Readers of a serious turn may be recommended to prosecute this inquiry. But although Mr. Bangs is sometimes a very funny man, there is so striking an absence of his familiar quality from this volume that we think he must have written it as a penance for some offence known only to a scrupulous conscience.

Mr. Fletcher gives us in "The Arcadians" a mildly interesting, but agreeably written, narrative of the doings of a certain poet, who, overcome by the contents of a flower-girl's basket, suddenly shook the dust of London from his feet and betook himself and his belongings to seek "meadows trim and daisies pied." His wife, Placida, raised no protest: she had enough philosophy to know that when any man, but more particularly a poet, experiences an overmastering desire to sit upon haystacks, he must e'en have his will. Of children, of dumb animals, and of the beauties of nature, Mr. Fletcher discourses pleasantly and easily, and in the ways of poets he appears to be well versed; also, his manner of conveying emphasis by an erratic use of capital letters—as when he writes of the Repeated Iniquities of the Domestic Servant—is not ineffective, although it is reminiscent of a vice of Charles Reade's. But we confess that we like Mr. Fletcher best when he tells in his own natural manner the love-stories of Jonathan and Sabina, or Martin and Maria. With the rustic Mr. Fletcher is very much at home, and these slight sketches have the charm of sincerity and sympathetic yet accurate observation.

It is difficult to avoid joyful recollections of "Wisdom While You Wait" when one more volume "dealing with country duties in a manner at once practical and light in tone" makes its appearance. "The first requisite of the modern gardener is books. . . . A watering-pot is a *sine quâ non* in good gardening; also a dictionary of quotations, and some ridiculous neighbours." The extract from the famous skit is a happy forecast of "Things About Our Neighbourhood," which serves, among other purposes, to show us that Mémie Muriel Dowie is as much at home in a rural byway as in the Karpathians, and that the versatility of her pen has not yet reached its limit. She brings the common objects of the countryside smartly into view, with a nice sense of proportion—the dogs, the horses, the sleek-sided cows and prize pigs, the Countess, and the people possessed by motor-cars. The horses and dogs, indeed, beguile her into indifferent rhyme, but her hearty love for them and her geniality save her from becoming tedious. As a matter of fact, "tedious" is the last word to apply to the book; it is too full of shrewd sketches of personalities, of witty trifles, of the "up-and-doing" side of English life to bore anyone but a hopeless prig.

We have read "Catherine Sterling" carefully, to discover with regret that we cannot congratulate Norma

Lorimer either upon her matter or her style. Spelling, she tells us, "is born in the bone," and although the expression is awkward, there may be something in the contention. Apparently grammar comes less naturally, or why should the heroine be made to say, "Few mothers would not choose," when she means exactly the opposite? When we come to discuss the situation, it is to find the purest of all pure heroines living in Japan with a man whose wife has lost her reason. We are told that "You had only to look at her to know that in her purity was paramount"; that she had an "untarnishable spirit," and that "in her after-days it made the beautiful, passionate woman very nearly perfect in men's eyes." And yet this wonderful creature sinned, not from love but from sheer unreasoning cowardice and inability to face the world. After two years of this peaceful, idyllic life, the man dies, and we presently find Miss Sterling in the best London drawing-rooms. We are told that "deep down in her nature" (this explains something!) this peerless woman had a conscience which occasionally troubled her, and at these moments she seems to have found peace in laying an offering of white flowers before an inscrutable stone Buddha. In a word, Norma Lorimer has failed to present a conclusive case. The genuinely human touch afforded in the brief sketch of the tired woman and her baby in a London 'bus is the one redeeming feature in this futile story.

The gigantic figure of Peter the Great stalks through the pages of Mr. Fred Whishaw's new novel, in which a slender thread of fiction winds itself among the events which preceded the death of the Tsarevitch Alexis. Mr. Whishaw, with a fidelity and restraint that enhance the power of his story, describes the flight of the unhappy Prince, his sojourn in Austria and Italy, and the destruction which fell upon him when he ventured again within range of the savage implacability of Peter. No romantic additions could add force to the tragedy. Alexis is shown here as less of a knave than a fool; a rendering of his character which allows the reader to give him full measure of pity, while failing to obscure the necessity, as the grim Tsar conceived it, for his removal from active politics. Peter's idiosyncrasies are sketched with remarkable energy—his drunken brutality, his gusty humour, and that ubiquitousness which only an Emperor of our own time has been known to equal. Peter overshadows the slight love-interest of the story, which, however, serves its purpose in giving us an incidental glimpse of Catherine, and of the foreign colony that was one of the tools with which Peter moulded his rugged Empire. "Near the Tsar, near Death" is, as a composition, a little disjointed, but it is worth reading.

French society has ever been the theatre of great romantic passions, and among these there are few which can compare in emotional interest with that revealed in the famous letters of Mdlle. de Lespinasse, which, published long after their writer's death in 1809, have taken a very high place in French classic literature. The personality of the remarkable woman whose inner life is here so poignantly revealed has lately been made vital to English readers by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who in her latest novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," has tried the daring experiment of reconstructing in an English dress, and in modern London, the story of d'Alembert's and Marmontel's unhappy friend. The original Julie—for Mrs. Humphry Ward has not cared to change the Christian name of her heroine—was, even before her famous Letters were published, noted as having had a singularly romantic and curious social career. The illegitimate daughter of a Burgundian Countess of good family, Mdlle. de Lespinasse was well and carefully educated by her mother, whose favourite child she remained to the end. Her position, however, was a very unpleasant and humiliating one, and she eagerly accepted the chance, offered to her by the noted wit and eighteenth-century hostess, Madame du Deffand, to become her companion. From 1754 to 1764—that is, for ten years—the two women lived together more or less amicably, and then took place the incident of which Mrs. Ward has made such good use in her novel. The two ladies parted after a quarrel, which was discussed in every Parisian salon with mingled amusement and reprobation. On the whole, public opinion was on the side of Julie de Lespinasse, and a group of her friends, including such distinguished men as d'Alembert, Turgot, and the Churchman Boisgelin, in concert with a few of their heroine's woman friends, arranged to make her an allowance, on which she lived in modest comfort and with much dignity during the rest of her tragically short life. Julie de Lespinasse was over thirty when she fell in love with M. de Mora, the highly bred, chivalrous diplomat who evidently inspired Mrs. Ward with the character of Jacob Delafield. Their attachment lasted for some five or six years; de Mora, who was consumptive, leaving France, never to return, in 1772. A month later Mdlle. de Lespinasse, in an evil hour for herself, met at a country house the Comte de Guibert, a young soldier equally brilliant in the field and as a writer on military subjects, who, though there are many indications that he was in no sense the equal of de Mora, soon became dearer to Julie than her first lover had ever been. Each day she wrote ardent love-letters to Guibert, and mournful, tenderly worded epistles to the dying Mora. Of her love-letters perhaps the most typical is that which can be most easily quoted—

"Every instant of my life, 1774.

"My dear,—I suffer, I love you, I await you."

Julie de Lespinasse died when she was only forty-three, and d'Alembert followed her soon after. In addition to a translation of the actual letters, this volume contains Sainte-Beuve's well-known essay on Mdlle. de Lespinasse, and notes on her life and character by certain of her famous friends, including the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and last not least, d'Alembert.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN GLASGOW: THEIR MAJESTIES AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.



KING EDWARD LAYING THE MEMORIAL-STONE OF THE NEW TECHNICAL COLLEGE, MAY 14.

The architect of the building, Mr. Barclay, having presented his Majesty with a silver trowel, asked him to perform the ceremony. When the great block of Peterhead granite, weighing two tons, had been lowered into position, the King, as became a Past Grand Master, applied the mallet and the level with due Masonic rites, and then declared the stone well and truly laid.

THE SUSPENDED SOMALILAND CAMPAIGN: BRITISH JUSTICE AT BOHOTLE.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



A COURT OF INQUIRY, HELD AT THE WELLS, TO INVESTIGATE THE ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING OF A NATIVE BOY.
British justice, even in minute particulars, was administered in the field, and the accidental shooting of a native boy was inquired into by a properly convened Court.



COMPENSATION FOR THE ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING OF A BOY: ASSESSING THE DAMAGES PAYABLE TO THE MOTHER.
When the facts had been duly ascertained, the Court decided to compensate the boy's mother, and the damages were duly assessed and paid over.

THE SUSPENDED CAMPAIGN IN SOMALILAND: A HEROIC MEDICAL OFFICER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR.



WORTHY OF THE V.C.: LIEUTENANT-SYME, KILLED WHILE ATTENDING TO A WOUNDED HOSPITAL ASSISTANT DURING COLONEL PLUNKETT'S DISASTROUS FIGHT.

Lieutenant Syme, although hit during the early part of the engagement, went on attending to the wounded, and was shot through the head while still in the exercise of his duties.

THE SUSPENDED SOMALILAND CAMPAIGN: INCIDENTS IN THE FIELD.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



NEWS OF DISASTER: SOMALI DISPATCH-RIDERS BRINGING THE NEWS OF COLONEL PLUNKETT'S DEATH TO DAMOT.

Friendly Somalis have been used as dispatch-riders and for the postal service.



"THE ROUSE": A SCENE IN CAMP WHEN THE BUGLE SOUNDED FOR THE ADVANCE.

General commotion ensued on the sounding of the advance. Camels were hastily loaded, horses saddled, and a hurried cup of tea or coffee was drunk, if time permitted.

THE SUSPENDED CAMPAIGN IN SOMALILAND: THE LOSS OF A COLUMN.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



"THE END": THE DISASTER TO COLONEL PLUNKETT'S PARTY NEAR GUMBURU, APRIL 17.

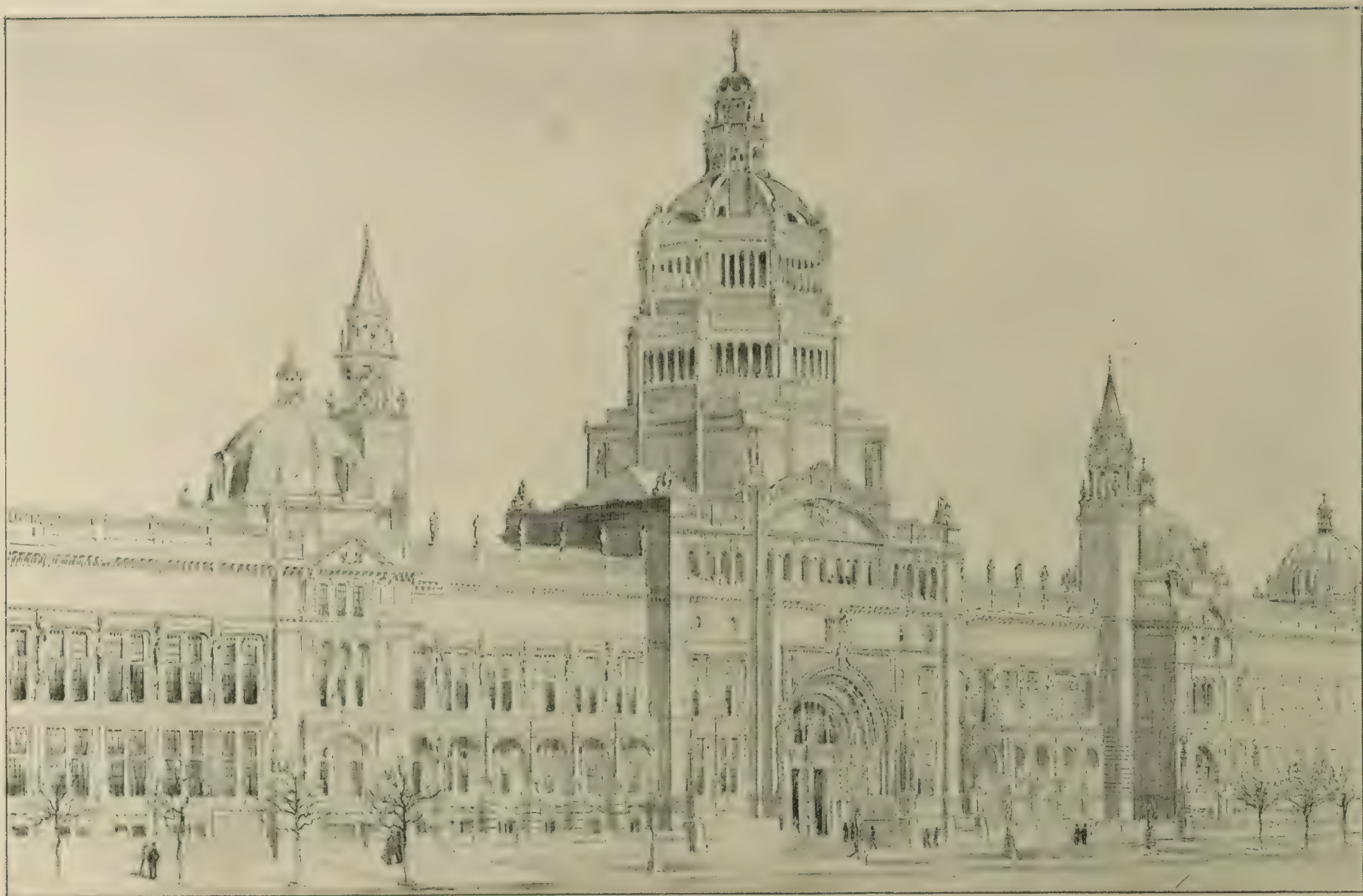
The story of the end of Plunkett's men is told in a letter quoted by Mr. Bennet Burleigh in the "Daily Telegraph": "Surrounded by greatly superior numbers, their last cartridges gone, they tried to cut their way out, but they were overwhelmed and lost."



THE DISASTER IN SOMALILAND: COLONEL PLUNKETT'S FIGHT TO THE DEATH NEAR GUMBURU, APRIL 17.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.

The British force numbered two hundred and thirty fighting men—Sikhs, Yaos, and British officers—of whom thirty-six escaped, while only four or five were un wounded. The officers died to a man.



THE NEW VICTORIA MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: THE DESIGN AS FINALLY MODIFIED.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM THE PLANS OF THE ARCHITECT, MR. ASTON WEBB.

The foundation-stone of the new buildings, which occupy the site of the old "Brompton Boilers," was laid on May 17, 1890, by Queen Victoria. The architect has now given the design its final form.



1. PLAN SHOWING PRESENT POSITION OF AFFAIRS AND, IN DOTTED LINES, MR. TANNER'S PROPOSED SCHEME.

2. VIEW OF THE ROAD AT A.

3. A CORNER OF THE EXISTING RESERVOIR.

THE TRINIDAD WATER QUESTION: A SUGGESTED SOLUTION.

The two sources of the Maraval River join into one at A and flow through the Maraval village to the existing reservoir, doubtless gaining many impurities by the way, and losing heavily through absorption into the soil. Mr. Tanner's scheme is to dam the streams at A into large reservoirs C and D, and after the water has passed through the filter-beds E, to conduct it by pipes to the existing reservoir at B.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN GLASGOW: PLACES OF INTEREST VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNAN, GLASGOW; PANELS COPYRIGHT OF THE GLASGOW CORPORATION.



The King paid his fifth visit to Glasgow on May 14, and received a truly royal welcome. His Majesty first laid the memorial-stone of the new Technical College, which is to be erected in George Street; then, after the reception of several addresses, lunched in the City Chambers. Later he visited the Art Galleries and the University.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XX.: THE EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



CAPTAIN DAMPIER'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE BOOMERANG.

In 1688 the English first set foot on the Australian coast, when Captain William Dampier, the famous buccancer, pirate, circumnavigator, and hydrographer, landed at Roebuck Bay, and spent five weeks ashore. Two years later he revisited Australia as the Commissioner of the Admiralty.



THE BALLOON ABOVE ST. MACLOU AT MANTES.



THE BALLOON ABOVE THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME AT MANTES.



THE CAR OF THE LEBAUDY BALLOON AT THE MOMENT OF ITS DEPARTURE FROM MOISSON.



THE COURSE OF THE LEBAUDY BALLOON ON MAY 8.
The crosses show the changes in speed.

THE PROBLEM OF AËRIAL NAVIGATION: THE FIRST EXPERIMENTS OF 1903 IN PARIS.

The balloon covered a distance of about twenty-one miles in one hour and thirty-six minutes against a heavy rain and strong head wind. The experiments were considered extremely successful.



THE KAISER'S "ROTTEN ROW": A SPRING SCENE IN THE SIEGESALLÉE, BERLIN.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL.

During the present season the Emperor William has desired Society in Berlin to meet in the Siegesallee, just as the inhabitants of Mayfair and Belgrave do in Rotten Row.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The recent death of M. Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer, recalls to mind certain memories of interesting character. I remember when I was a boy the excitement caused by his announcement that he had discovered in Africa a large man-like ape, the gorilla. His assertions respecting this animal were at first received with incredulity, but the production of specimens, osteological and otherwise, soon set the matter at rest. Of actual bones and skulls we may say, as Salem Scudder said in the "Octoroon" of his photographic camera, "The apparatus can't lie." M. du Chaillu deserves a tribute of respect due to his intrepid work as an explorer. The Africa of his day was a very different region from that of to-day, inasmuch as exploration has advanced and the work of organised expeditions is conducted now under auspices and conditions which render it much easier of performance. I do not say that it takes less courage to penetrate the unknown than it did in du Chaillu's time, nor that courage and endurance are less typically illustrated by modern investigators; but I think it will be admitted that he ventured on a work which was hazardous at a period when there was but little to guide him in the way of the experience of forerunners.

Du Chaillu's environment was entirely favourable to the development of a taste for exploration. He was dwelling, as it were, on the border of a mysterious region, accounts of which must have been perpetually reaching him from the interior through native traffic. Again, he was brought continually in contact with the natives, and was bound to know much of their ways, customs, and language. The year of his birth is given as 1835, and it appears that after a time spent in America, he returned to Africa in 1855. At this date began the first of his wander-years. Accompanied by a black retinue, he spent four years in exploration. The record of his wanderings during this period states some eight thousand miles as the distance he covered.

In 1861 appeared his first work giving an account of these journeyings. This was a description of Equatorial Africa, and in it were published details of the discovery of the gorilla. There had been a previous acquaintance with this big ape, I fancy; for an American missionary, a Mr. Savage, had in his possession a skull of a quadrumanous beast which evidently belonged to no ape then known. Du Chaillu's account of the first view he had of the gorilla is very graphic. He speaks of it (I quote from memory) as stalking into the open from among the brushwood, a great fierce brute with long tusk-like canine teeth, thumping his chest with blows that sounded like the beating of a drum. He described also the warfare of the apes, and contrived to secure skins and skulls. The history thus published met with a very considerable deal of scepticism on the part both of science and the public, as I have said. However, very shortly the identity of the gorilla as a distinct species of ape, allied to the chimpanzee, and found in much the same region as that smaller and most intelligent of the monkey tribe, was satisfactorily established. I need not add that living specimens have been imported into Europe; unfortunately, however, none of them long survived the vicissitudes of the Northern climate.

It was a curious circumstance that du Chaillu's discovery may be said to have occurred very shortly after the publication of Darwin's famous work on the "Origin of Species." When the gorilla was proved to be an actual personality, the question was mooted whether or not this ape brought the relationship of man and his immediate neighbours in the animal scale any closer together. Naturally this question was of great interest, and popular feeling in the 'sixties ran very high over the various controversies regarding the view that man is the descendant of some primæval ape-stock.

Close anatomical investigation of the gorilla soon led to the knowledge that it could no more be regarded as the link between humanity and apes than any of the other man-like monkeys, of which other three exist—the chimpanzee, orang, and gibbon. That which science has shown is that there is no existing ape-form which in any sense can be said to be directly linked to man at all. We find likenesses to human structure—some of them very close—here and there in the higher apes. In one species, the brain exhibits a close resemblance in some of its parts; in others, the spine will show a kinship to that of our own, and so forth. But there the resemblance ends. If we wished to build up a human frame by taking items from all known ape species, the task would prove futile. Man, anatomically, is "create in his own image," and there is no accurate resemblance between him and his lower neighbours other than we expect to find in a common type of body, on which, in truth, all backboneed animals, from fishes to ourselves, are constructed.

There is no argument against the theory of evolution contained in these statements. It is solely a question here of how the evolution of man has taken place. We do not now doubt that fact, but we may entertain our own opinions and views regarding its exact direction and method. If we think of a tree, we can see that while each branch has its connection with the main stem, there is no contact of the tips of the branches. The human branch probably had its own connection with the stem low down in the tree of life. It has grown high and great, and developed on its own lines away from all other branches. This parable will explain why science one day looks forward to knowing something of the root-stock whence the human growth first emerged on its triumphant development upwards. Geology may supply that missing link from the fossil records. Meanwhile, if we consider man's brain and intellectuality, we may very well accord him a kingdom to himself.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

C E PERUGINI.—We are indeed pleased to know you are able to send in solutions once more. We quite missed your letter.

H E KIDSON.—Your problem shall be inserted shortly, but we had a large number of previous contributions to deal with.

OUR attention has been called to a curious similarity between Problem No. 3077, by Max Feigl, and the following, by Percy Healey, which was published some years ago in the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. It is not, of course, suggested that the eminent Austrian composer borrowed his idea from anybody; but, taken in conjunction with other coincidences of the kind, one cannot help thinking there is an approaching exhaustion of the combinations in problem composition. Problem by Percy Healey.—*White*: K at K B 3rd, Q at Q B 8th, B at K Kt 4th, Kt at Q R 7th, Ps at Q Kt 2nd, Q B 6th, Q 4th, and K 3rd. *Black*: K at Q 4th, B at K B sq, Ps at Q 3rd, Q B 2nd, Q B 7th, Q R 7th, K B 2nd, and K Kt 3rd. White mates in three moves.

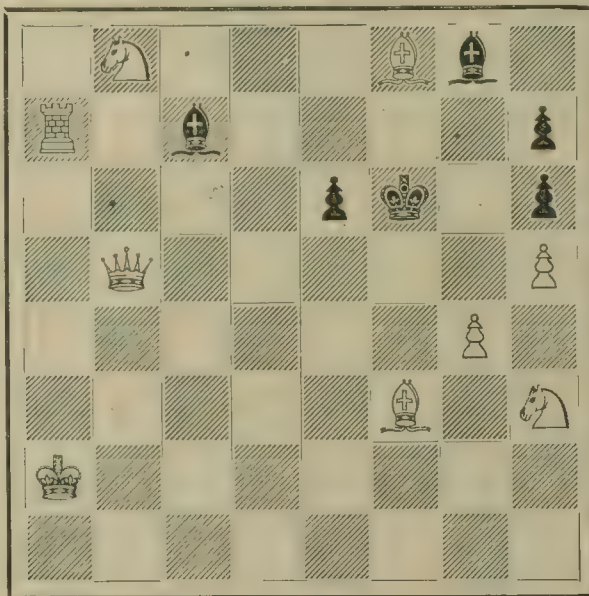
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3067 and 3068 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3076 from Gertrude May Field (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3078 from A G Bagot (Dublin); of No. 3079 from G C B, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), A G Bagot (Dublin), Charles E Robson (Saffron Walden), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), and H S Brandreth (Weybridge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3080 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), Reginald Gordon, J W (Campsie), C E Perugini, Martin F, Herbert A Salway, T Roberts, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), F J S (Hampstead), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E E Duncan (Clifton), Joseph Cook, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Sorrento, W D Easton (Sunderland), R Worters (Canterbury), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F Henderson (Leeds), Shadforth, J D Tucker (Ilkley), J Jones (Manchester), L Desanges, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), and Charles Burnett.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3079.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 5th Kt takes Kt
2. Q takes Kt (ch) K moves
3. B or Kt mates.

If Black play 1. K takes B, 2. Q to Q 4th (ch); if 1. K to B 5th, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); if 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); and if 1. P to Kt 8th (a Q), then 2. Q to K 6th (ch), K moves; 3. B or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 3082.—By IRVING CHAPIN.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played between Messrs. H. TAYLOR and L. S. CRACKANTHORP.
(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Q R to Q sq	K R to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. R to Q 6th	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	Making the most of his fine development. There is a striking contrast between the two forces—White with all his pieces in play, and Black with an exposed King and unmovable Rooks.	
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	19. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to R 4th	20. R takes B	B to B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21. R takes B	Q takes K P
7. Q to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	22. R to Q sq	
This defence has not proved a success, and is now seldom seen. In any case it needs the most cautious handling, and how easily it leads to disaster the present game will show.			
8. Castles	B to Kt 3rd	22. P takes R	P takes R
9. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	23. Q to Q 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
10. P takes P	Kt takes P	24. Q tks K B P (ch)	K to Kt 4th
11. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	25. P to B 4th (ch)	Q takes P
12. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	26. Q tks Kt P (ch)	K to R 4th
13. B to R 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	27. B to B 7th (ch)	Resigns.
14. B takes Kt	B takes Kt		
15. Q takes B	B to Kt 2nd		
16. P to B 3rd	K takes B		
17. Q to R 3rd (ch)	P to Q B 4th		

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. F. A. HILL and A. KETCHUM.
(King Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. Q to K sq	Q to B 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. P takes P	Q to K 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	If Q takes P, then 25. B takes R P (ch), etc. But the result to Black is the same in either case.	
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	25. B to B 5th	B to Kt 3rd
5. Castles	Kt takes P	26. R to R 5th	K to R sq
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	27. Q to Q B sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	28. B to Kt 5th	Q to K sq
8. P takes P	B to K 3rd	29. Q to K sq	P to R 3rd
9. P to Q R 4th	R to Q Kt sq	30. R to B 3rd	
10. P takes P	P takes P	Fine play. If now, in reply, Black takes the Bishop, the continuation is 31. R takes B, 32. B takes Kt, 33. R takes R (ch), K moves; 34. P to K 7th, and wins.	
11. P to B 3rd	B to Q B 4th	30. B to Q 2nd	K to Kt sq
12. Q to K 2nd	Castles	31. R to K R 3rd	Q to Q sq
13. Q to K 2nd	Kt takes Kt	32. R to K R 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
14. B takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd	33. B takes R P	Kt takes B
15. B to B 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	34. P takes Kt	R takes P
16. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	35. B takes P	K takes B
17. Kt to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd	36. R to R 2nd	
18. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	A stroke as beautiful as surprising. The game won a brilliancy prize, which it well deserved.	
19. K to R sq	Q to K sq	36. K to B sq	Resigns.
Black has drifted into a bad position where defence is difficult against the powerful attack now gathering. We prefer here R to B 2nd, with a view of doubling the Rooks after P to Kt 3rd.			
20. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 4th		
21. P to Kt 4th	Kt to R 5th		
22. P to B 5th	B to Q sq		

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Gambit Tournament between Messrs. PILLSBURY and SWIDERSKI.
(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. P to Q 4th	B takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	10. P takes B	Kt takes P
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	Black has gone Pawn-hunting instead of developing his pieces, with the result usual in such cases.	
4. B takes P	K Kt to B 3rd	11. Q B takes P	Kt to Q 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th	12. Q to Q 3rd	Kt (K 5) to B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd		13. B to Q 6th	R to K sq
		14. Kt to Kt 5th	Resigns.
Book is now departed from, and much interesting play ensues.			
6. Castles	Castles	This leaves Black absolutely resourceless. The position is very curious, and worth study.	
7. Castles	P to B 3rd		
8. B to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)		

SUCCESSORS TO THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Between Saul's visit to the Witch of Endor and the scientific discussion of superstition by Huxley at least two thousand five hundred years had gone by, yet the great savant did not for a moment imagine that time had destroyed in mankind the superstition which originally induced the journey of the son of Kish. "Saul's servants," wrote Huxley, "in answer to his command to seek him a woman that hath a familiar spirit, reply without a sign of hesitation or of fear, 'Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor,' just as in some parts of England a countryman might tell anyone who did not look like a magistrate or a policeman where a wise woman was to be met with."

Four years after the lines quoted were written, two young farmers named Jilbart were bound over at Penzance in the sum of twenty pounds each, and to find sureties in a like sum, to keep the peace for six months for an offence which settles the question of Huxley's discernment with regard to the bucolic mind and witchcraft. The defendants were charged with having gone over to a neighbouring farm and threatened to murder its tenant, an old dame seventy-one years of age. They held that Mrs. Clarke was a witch, and had ill-wished their horses, so that they suddenly refused to pull, and began to plunge and to kick violently. The elder of the two offenders did not attempt to deny his faith in the power of sorcery. And now there comes another tale from the same direction—namely, the West of England, showing that this faith has not entirely died out. A few days ago William Henry Thomas and Mary Brown, his housekeeper, of Bartholomew Street, Exeter, were jointly charged with obtaining money from a number of persons with intent to cheat and defraud. Defendants practised as herbalists, and it was stated, undertook to cure those who were "bewitched." A succession of bad luck or ill-health induced clients to consult the defendants, and one of the cures was to sprinkle a powder around a room and then repeat the Lord's Prayer. In one case £5 was paid for advice. Defendants pleaded guilty and a fine of £100 was imposed, the money being paid. The immediate payment of the penalty speaks volumes. It not only shows that there are people who believe in the existence of other people who can do them moral and physical harm, but in the existence of a third set who can avert or remove such evil by chemicals combined with what, for want of a better term, one must call "antidotal supplications."

Although the two cases cited occurred within thirteen years of each other in two adjacent provinces, it is by no means proved that this part of England has the unenviable monopoly of the "witchcraft mania." Nor is it probable that the rest of the English counties have discovered the error of their ways in that respect. Every now and again a case crops up elsewhere, not, perhaps, so flagrant as the above, but showing, nevertheless, that, in spite of our much-vaunted intellectual progress, in spite of our capability of switching on the electric light and the telephone at will, Pope's line, "Nature once known, no mystery remains," is still a dead-letter to most people. And they are not necessarily the uneducated or those whom education has imperfectly reached. The benighted servant-girl and the factory hand, even in the capital, go and spend their hard-earned shilling or half-crown with the frowsy modern imitation of the Witch of Endor, living in unspeakable squalor, but saving money for a rainy day: for when the police lay hands upon her, and the magistrate imposes a fine, the penalty, to his great astonishment, is paid without the slightest protest or without the faintest attempt to get a respite for the discharge of the obligation.

On the other hand, the fashionable lady goes to this or that man or woman with some borrowed Greek name and having elegant apartments in a leading West-End thoroughfare, and pays her guinea practically for the same thing; but the police rarely, if ever, interfere. We may feel certain that Mr. Pinero is too good a craftsman to have entirely created from imagination the palmist of "The Gay Lord Quex," even if the daily sandwichman did not force him upon our notice.

There is, after all, not much difference between telling a farmer that, though he be possessed, the exorcist can lift the curse, and stating in sober earnest to some romantic and over-emotional damsel or matron that there is a "fair man who will have a considerable influence on her life, unless she calls to her rescue the dark man who has loved her all her life." And that is the kind of pronouncement which, under the pretext of chiromancy or mathematical combinations with a pack of playing-cards, is uttered ten times a day in each of the half-dozen establishments well known to the initiated. Why, after all, should the over-emotional, romantic damsel not believe when men of the highest intellect did, and do? Alexandre Dumas the younger was to the day of his death convinced that palmistry was an accurate science; and M. Victorien Sardou, who is seventy-two, has an unwavering belief in spiritualism.

Perhaps the most remarkable modern successor to the Witch of Endor was Mdlle. Couesdon. She did not pretend to prophesy in her own right, but professed to be inspired by the Archangel Gabriel. And from morn till night her apartment was never empty. Even the late Emile Zola went to see her, though under the name of Henri Meilhac, and was found out accordingly. He excused himself for the deception by saying that he did not think that either he or the co-author of "La Belle Hélène" was even on bowing terms with the Archangel, and consequently made sure that his deception would remain unnoticed.

For these Parisians do not invariably repair to the fashionable witches with accommodating intent. "For polite behaviour recommend me to the English," once said M. Couesdon, the father of the prophetess; "they are not aggressively ironical, nor do they pretend the absolute faith behind which lurks often gross superstition; they are intelligent." M. Couesdon meant "they look intelligent." It is not the same thing.



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LADIES' PAGE.

The Society for the Employment of Women, which held its annual meeting under the presidency of Viscount Knutsford last week, is by far the oldest of the societies having in view the promotion of the self-dependence of middle-class girls. For a long time the society's chief work was to seek out new employment that might be opened to women; but now one of its most important undertakings is to lend money to suitable applicants for their training in one of the many

style, carved in graceful outlines and inlaid, and some samples of the Empire taste which are very elegant in finish. More modern devices are not omitted from this interesting and unique collection of clocks. The "new-art" designs are striking and attractive; and there is a clock that has been designed by the Company for the officers' mess of the Gordon Highlanders, the base being a section of the muzzle of a "Long Tom" that was used in the Siege of Ladysmith. As to the business qualities of the internal works of the clocks, it is sufficient to remember that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, are responsible for that important point. This great business is world-renowned for the excellence of all its productions, whether silver, jewellery, or watches, and the appointments that the Company hold as jewellers and silversmiths to his Majesty and the Prince of Wales testify to their reliability. A special catalogue of the clocks will be sent to all applicants.

Though the continued chilly and dull weather has delayed the advance of the fashions, the shops are amply provided with the most charming materials in muslins and cottons for summer dresses. Linen has perhaps the leading place in fashion's favour at present, being fairly substantial, so that it is not too flimsy for wear when there is one of the chilly winds to which we are subject in England well on into summer. The colours in linen are very good: not glaring, and yet sufficiently strong to be real colour. The new coarse lace known as guipure de craponne, which is the most fashionable trimming for linen gowns at present, is to be had dyed in all the same tints in which the linen is produced. The muslins of the hour are perfectly fascinating, with the most charming patterns, such as clusters, garlands, and festoons of flowers in dainty shades upon a groundwork of a different colour, giving a really artistic combination of hues that reminds one of those in a Watteau picture. In the ordinary cottons, even, which are only a few pence a yard, the designs are very artistic. The shades of heliotrope are now made fast enough in cottons to be useful, and they are certainly very pretty. It is not intended, however, that a really well-made dainty cotton frock should stand the washtub, while muslin one, with its pleatings, gaugings, pipings, and open-work insertions and appliques of lace and passementerie, is still less intended to undergo commonplace cleaning processes. It follows that these apparently cheap gowns are somewhat extravagant wear, as, of course, the dressmaker's skill has to be paid for equally, no matter what the fabric that is used. Among the smartest designs in washing fabrics (so called) are the

spotted ones; a black or white spot on pink ground, or a tiny black spot on the deep biscuit-colour that is known now as champagne, or a red pin-spot on a pale-yellow ground, or even the familiar black spot on a white ground, make up particularly smart little frocks suitable for ladies not quite in their first youth. These dresses, by the way, are not made with long trains. Most of them lie on the ground at the back for a few inches, and only just touch at the front and sides, so that on grass or a clean gravel path they do not need holding up, and are easily raised in the street, an advantage which women will readily appreciate.

For cotton dresses I hear that macramé fringe is being used in Paris. As we always get the French fashions considerably later than they are adopted by the Parisians, this may be considered a good tip to my readers who do that old-fashioned but effective form of fancy work. Waste no more time on working mantel-borders or edgings for pincushions, but choose a nice light design and start upon fringe for edging the collars and the bottoms of the flounces of your new linen dresses, choosing colours in Macramé thread which you intend your prospective gowns to be. An expert needlewoman may embroider herself a linen collar in washing-silk to match. It should be cut pelerine shape, deep over the shoulders, pointing lower down still to the middle of the back, and ending with long narrow stole-ends reaching the waist, or below it, in front. After embroidering it, edge it on both sides with a Macramé fringe of the same colour, and you will have a most up-to-date and charming adornment.

In every form the stole is carrying all before it; it is equally popular in ostrich or marabout feathers and in lace. Nothing with a high collar must be regarded as otherwise than quite *demodée*. Stoles are very wide on the shoulders. When in lace they are meant to be worn really on the shoulder; but in ostrich feathers, or in

chiffon rucked on to a silk foundation, worn more like the 1830 scarf—that is, they are allowed to slip a little back upon the shoulder and caught over the two arms, bent at the elbows to hold them in position. Some sort of a collar, ruffle, capelet, or pelerine will be almost invariably worn this season with light dresses, more as a shoulder ornament than as a wrap. An exceedingly pretty ruffle fresh from Paris is in pleated chiffon, the pleats finished with tiny ruches of the same, dotted here and there with minute rosettes in heliotrope baby-ribbon, and trimmed with stripes of the same ribbon, the long stole-ends, also thus be-trimmed, reaching to about the knee. A stole-collar in Venetian lace with narrow black velvet ribbon run through, and gathered into rosettes here and there, is another form of the many pretty new shoulder-finishes. White crêpe-de-Chine delicately embroidered in silk, mounted upon white taffetas and edged all round with narrow white silk fringe, is another new creation.

However the gowns are designed at present, and in whatever fabric, some sort of a cape-effect over the shoulders is sought after. The tailor-models have to a very considerable extent abandoned the revers of past times in favour of triple capes or single deep collars over the shoulders. A plain tailor-made gown will be cut away a little from the throat in a V shape, and the opening edged with a galon, a piece of Oriental embroidery laid on flat like a stole, or a band of lace trimming the flat-edge of the opening; in this case, of course, a little three-corner vest at the throat will harmonise with the trimming. When the material is a plain one, it is a very good notion to introduce a trifling touch of colour by placing a ribbon in a strong tone under an open-patterned guipure lace. The capes over the shoulders are always so placed as to give a falling (or 1830) look to the shoulder, the exact reverse of the well-set-up line at the top of the sleeve that tailors were securing by a few artful pleats a year or two ago. We are, in short, in for a period of droopiness. The sleeves droop more and more below the elbow. Some good models have the "jelly-bag" droop of the sleeve below the elbow made absolutely huge. When to this is added the sloping shoulder and flat stole-trimming down the front of the



A PRETTY FÊTE GOWN IN MUSLIN AND LACE.

recognised employments available, such as nursing, gardening, shorthand-writing, weaving, and printing. It was observed that the use of the linotype has greatly facilitated the employment of women in the last-mentioned occupation. Lord Knutsford drew special attention to one paragraph in the report in which the experienced and specially interested committee of this society protest against the continual legislation to close one and another employment against women, or to hamper their employers to such an extent in regard to hours of work and other arrangements as to lead them to cease to employ female labour. The committee refer to this as "an injury" due to "well-meant but inept legislation."

A meeting was held on the same date at Lowther House by the South African Colonisation Society, at which it was stated that 1363 women had been sent out to the Cape during the past year. Lord Onslow emphasised the warning that I have given here more than once that the only women for whom there is an opening in South Africa at present are "strong, capable people, women ready to rough it, and suffer more hardships, perhaps, than at home; women of the working classes, and the lady-help type." It was also pointed out that girls should not go except under the auspices of such a society, which finds them situations in domestic service and receives them on their arrival.

London offers frequent opportunities to lovers of the arts to inspect exhibitions of works of different periods and characters of the finest artistic merit, free of charge. An exceptionally interesting instance is that of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's display, just opened in their first-floor show-room, of fine clocks, representing the various styles of artistic cases. These clocks are, for the most part, modern reproductions, at an exceptionally moderate price, of the finest examples of models that have been selected from the great exhibitions in Paris, South Kensington, etc. The great feature of eighteenth-century decoration was that of Buhl; and in the inlay work called by that name, intermingled with the refined gilding known as ormolu, there are a number of superb French examples. The collection ranges from such specimens of the most ornate and decorative period of the delightful French taste to the good English "grandfather" clock, which is shown at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths in many styles of finish. There are also specimens of the more severe Sheraton



A SIMPLE LINEN GOWN.

bodice falling to below the waist, and the prevailing sac shape for mantles, it is plain that the drooping elegance of the fashions of the third decade of last century are the principal models that are now being followed. For the smarter sort of dresses, the soft canvases, *œliennes*, chiffons, foulards, crêpes-de-Chine, and the like, a popular new sleeve is a very wide open bell, so much beflounced and beruffled inside on the lining with frills of chiffon or lace as to enclose the arm in those soft folds.

Our illustrations show a fête gown with rows of tucks and lace threaded through with velvet; and a linen gown with fancy material let in under slashes. FILOMENA.

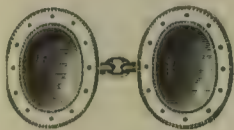
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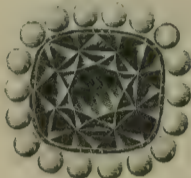
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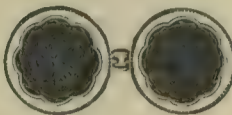
Pearl and Diamond Fly Brooch, £5 5s.



Swallow Brooch in Rubies and Sapphires, £9.



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Peridot and Diamond Brooch, £18 10s.



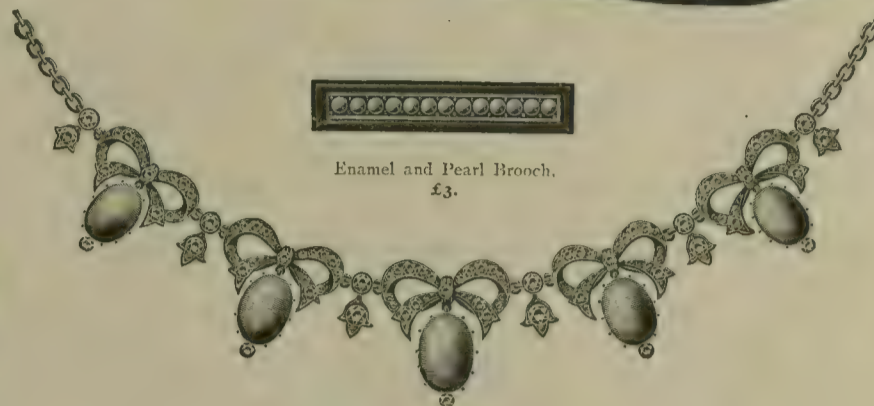
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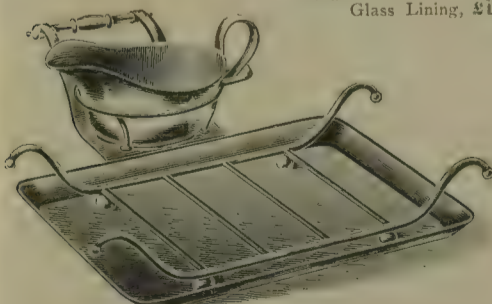
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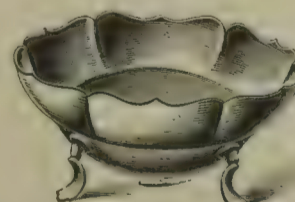
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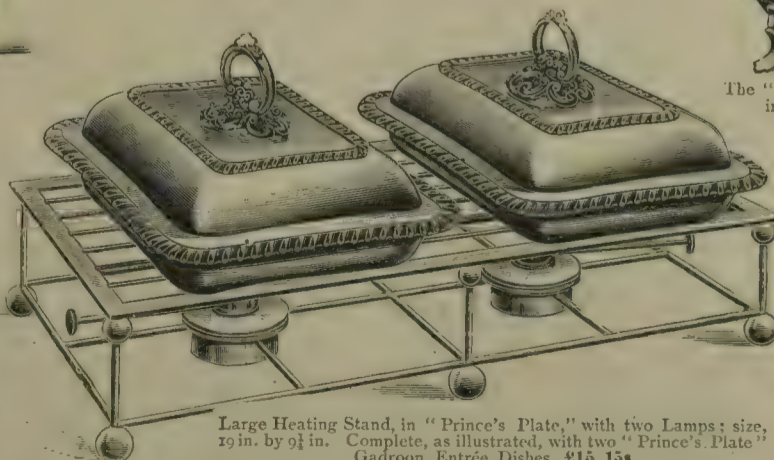


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Jim Dumps had breakfast just at seven,
And every day, about eleven,
He'd feel so sort of gone and weak,
As if he should a bracer seek.
To work he then took "Force" with him
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MUSIC.

One of the most interesting of recent recitals was that given by Mr. Alex Disraeli at the Bechstein Hall on Tuesday afternoon, May 12. Mr. Alex Disraeli, who is a Viennese, possesses a beautiful voice, with a delightfully clear intonation and an extremely cultivated method of singing. His technique is admirable, and he sings in an artistic fashion that is a delight to his audiences. His voice is a powerful bass-baritone that has the rare faculty of being very sweet and capable of the gentlest modulations. He gave an interesting selection of songs, including the magnificent "Gross ist Jehova der Herr" by Schubert, "Waldseligkeit," a new song by Richard Strauss, and, by request, a beautiful one of the same composer, "Ständchen," with a tripping accompaniment that was well played by Mr. Henry Bird. Herr Paul Gümmer played two violoncello soli, a "Danse Magyare" by W. H. Squire, and "Chants Sans Paroles" by Miss Minnie Cochrane.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 13, Miss Violet Sydney gave a morning concert at the St. James's Hall assisted by Miss Lilian Foulis and Herr Wilhelm Backhaus. Miss Violet Sydney will probably be a more accomplished vocalist after further training. At present her repertoire is a little too ambitious for her powers. Her best song was "Air de Pygmalion," by Victor Marré. Herr Wilhelm Backhaus played beautifully Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," a Rhapsodie in G minor by Brahms, a Nocturne by Reckendorf and "La Jongleuse" by Moszkowski, and, as an encore, a waltz by Chopin.

On Monday, May 11, M. Josef Hofmann gave a pianoforte recital at the St. James's Hall, at which he showed greater force of playing than he had done hitherto, which is probably due to increased physical

strength. His rendering of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" was especially worthy of praise. Equally happy was M. Josef Hofmann in his interpretation of Chopin's Nocturne in C minor.

On Monday, May 11, Miss Marie Hall gave a chamber concert at the St. James's Hall. Miss

very beautiful, especially "A Lover's Garland" and "Nightfall in Winter."

The last of the Joachim Quartet Concerts at the St. James's Hall was given on Thursday, March 14. The programme was devoted entirely to Brahms. Mr. Leonard Borwick and Dr. Joachim played the difficult Sonata in G; Mr. Borwick also played in the Sextet in B flat and the Quartet in C minor.

The Royal Opera Season at Covent Garden, has been devoted once again to "The Ring." It was the third and last cycle, and filled four of the six days of the past week. On the Wednesday and Thursday "Lohengrin," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci" were given. "Lohengrin" was interesting from the appearance of Frau Knüpfer Egli as Elsa, through the illness of Madame Bolska. Frau Egli had already made her debut here as one of the Rhine Maidens, and had won much applause for her singing; but as Elsa she proved also she could act delightfully, and, even without rehearsals, she acquitted herself admirably. In "Pagliacci" Fräulein Scheff was bewitching as Nedda. She is a born comedy actress: when sprightliness and coquetry are needed she is at her best. M. Salignac was the husband, and Signor Scotti took the part of the clown, and gave it a most dramatic rendering.

The Siegfried on Friday was Herr Anthes, who made his debut here. He sang in excellent tune and tone, though a trifle unsympathetically. His Brünnhilde was Fräulein Reinl, Fräulein Ternina singing the same rôle on Saturday. M. I. H.

"The Londoners" will give performances of "Florodora" at the Great Queen Street Theatre on May 28, 29, and 30. The Fresh Air Fund is the charity to be benefited.



NEGRO ACTORS IN LONDON: "IN DAHOMEY," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

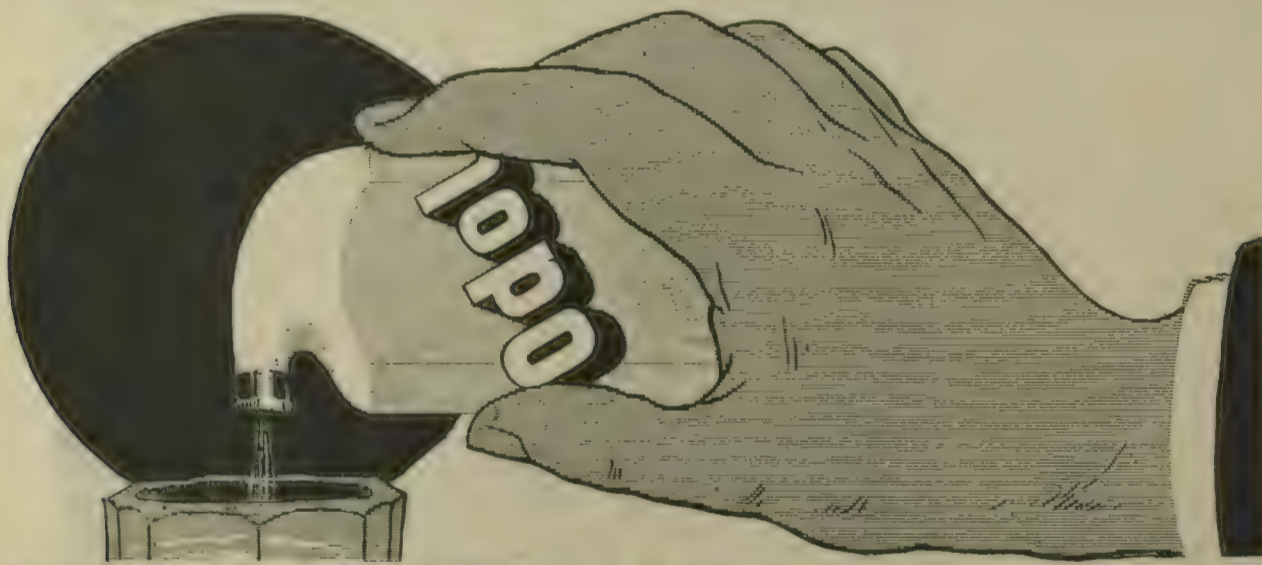
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The play, by Mr. J. A. Shipf, contains a great deal of spontaneous negro humour, and derives much of its attractiveness from the fact that the actors of this "coon" drama are themselves "coons." Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar has written the lyrics, and Mr. Will Marion Cook the music.

Hall, assisted by Herr Galston, played Brahms's Sonata in D minor. For one so young, she again showed an astounding technique and a delightful refinement of taste and purity of tone. She also played in Sir Hubert Parry's pianoforte trio in B minor to a most appreciative audience. Mr. Plunket Greene sang several of Sir Hubert Parry's songs delightfully. They are all very interesting, and many

unsympathetically.

His Reinl, Fräulein Ternina singing the same rôle on Saturday.



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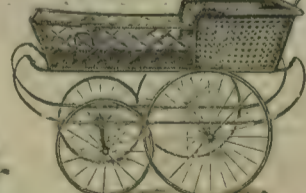
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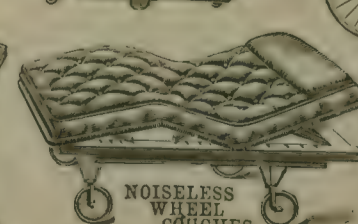
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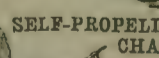
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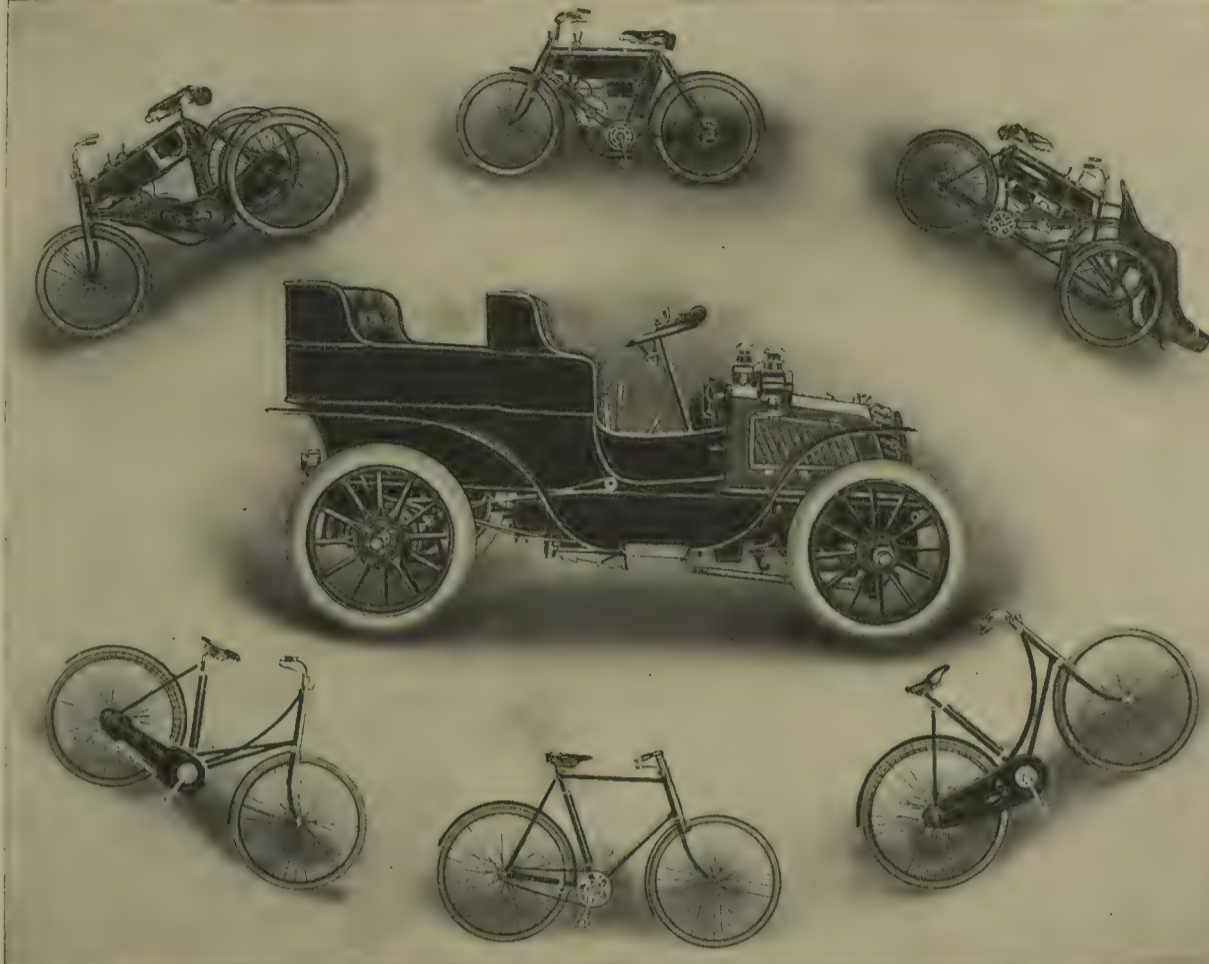
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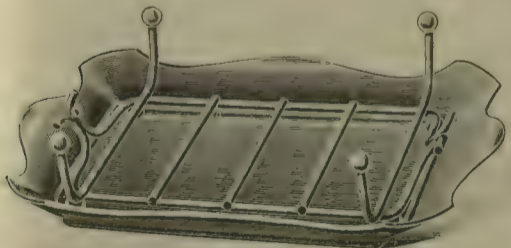
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WHITSUNTIDE RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to dispatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to the Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, near the grand-stand, for the Derby and the Oaks. Special trains are also run to the Epsom Town Station from Victoria and London Bridge. The same company announce special cheap Whitsuntide trips to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine. The company's West-End offices and City office will remain open until 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 27 to 30, for the sale of cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, thereby avoiding delay and trouble at Waterloo and other railway stations, the London and South Western Railway Company will keep open their London offices during the evenings of May 27, 28, 29, and 30, for the sale of holiday, ordinary, and steam-boat tickets to all parts. Programmes, giving full particulars, also "Illustrated Guide and Official List of Seaside, Farmhouse, and Country Lodgings," can be obtained free at these offices, or upon application to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E. Numerous excursions have been arranged for the West of England, Weymouth, Swanage, Bournemouth, Southampton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands, Paris, etc.

Cheap tickets, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels May 27 to 30 inclusive and June 1, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered, via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin, Cologne and Bâle. Restaurant-cars are run on the North and South German express trains. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich on May 27 and 30 for Hamburg, returning May 31 and June 3. The United Steamship Company of Copenhagen steamers will run between Harwich and Esbjerg, on the west coast of Denmark, as usual.

The Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursion trains from London (St. Pancras, City, and suburban stations) to Londonderry, via Morecambe, on Saturday, May 23; to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., for sixteen days, via Liverpool, on Thursday, May 28, and via Morecambe, on Friday, May 29; also to Belfast,

Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, via Barrow and via Liverpool, on Thursday, May 28; to return within sixteen days, as per bill of sailing. On Friday night, May 29, to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, etc., returning the following Friday, by which third-class return tickets at about a single ordinary fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for returning on any day within sixteen days. To prevent inconvenience and crowding, the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday, May 29 and 30, and tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway and beyond will also be issued beforehand at any of their City booking-offices. The tickets obtained at these offices will be available from St. Pancras Station, and will be issued at the same fares as charged at that station, and dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run from London, Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc., as follows: On Whit Monday, June 1, for one, two, or three days, to Grantham and Nottingham; also for one day to St. Albans, Hertford, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, Luton, Dunstable, Hitchin, Baldock, Royston, Cambridge, Biggleswade, Sandy, Tempsford, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Tuesday, June 2, for four days, also Thursday, June 4, for two days, to Grantham, Nottingham, Retford, Worksop, Sheffield, and Manchester. The cheap week-end tickets usually issued each Friday and Saturday will be issued on Friday, May 29, or Saturday, May 30, available for return on Sunday, May 31, Monday, June 1, Tuesday, June 2, or Wednesday, June 3, with the exception that tickets to Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa, Caister-on-Sea, and Yarmouth are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Wednesday, June 3, inclusive, if the train service permits.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, May 25, to Whit Monday, June 1, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains for the Whitsuntide holidays. The Company also announce cheap

excursions for the Whitsuntide holidays, as follows: On Thursday, May 28, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Kilkee, Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (co. Down), Newry, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days. Trains will also run to Liverpool, Blackpool, Southport, Fleetwood, Lancaster, Morecambe, Maryport, Carnforth, and the English Lake District, for 3, 7, 10, or 14 days. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Friday and Saturday, May 29 and 30, to Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Carlisle, Church Stretton, Grange, Lancaster, Leamington, Llandrindod, Llandudno, Llanwrtyd, Llangammarch, Malvern, Morecambe, Rhyl, Stratford-on-Avon, Windermere, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the North generally. Tourist tickets are issued daily to Scotland, Ireland, North, South, and Central Wales, Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, the English Lake District, Leamington, Buxton, Malvern, and many other seaside and inland watering-places.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Whitsuntide. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. Pamphlets containing full particulars of the Whitsuntide excursions, riverside bookings, and week-end arrangements will be forwarded by the company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town-office agents on receipt of a postcard stating the information required. Excursions will be run to Reading, Pangbourne, Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Bodmin, Falmouth, Penzance, Newbury, Frome, Yeovil, Weymouth, Channel Islands, Oxford, Worcester, Malvern, Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Manchester, Liverpool, Douglas (Isle of Man), Llandudno, etc. In addition to these excursions, cheap trains will be run to London from most of the provincial towns, and between the principal centres.

The Great Central Railway Company has issued an A.B.C. programme of excursion facilities for the Whitsuntide holidays. Cheap excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to Stratford-on-Avon, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Manchester, Scarborough, North-East Coast, Liverpool, Southport, North-West Coast, and other holiday resorts reached by this company's expeditious and picturesque route. The programme is arranged with the stations in alphabetical order. The times of starting, periods of availability of ticket, fares, dates, and times of return can be seen at a glance. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station and the company's town offices and agencies.

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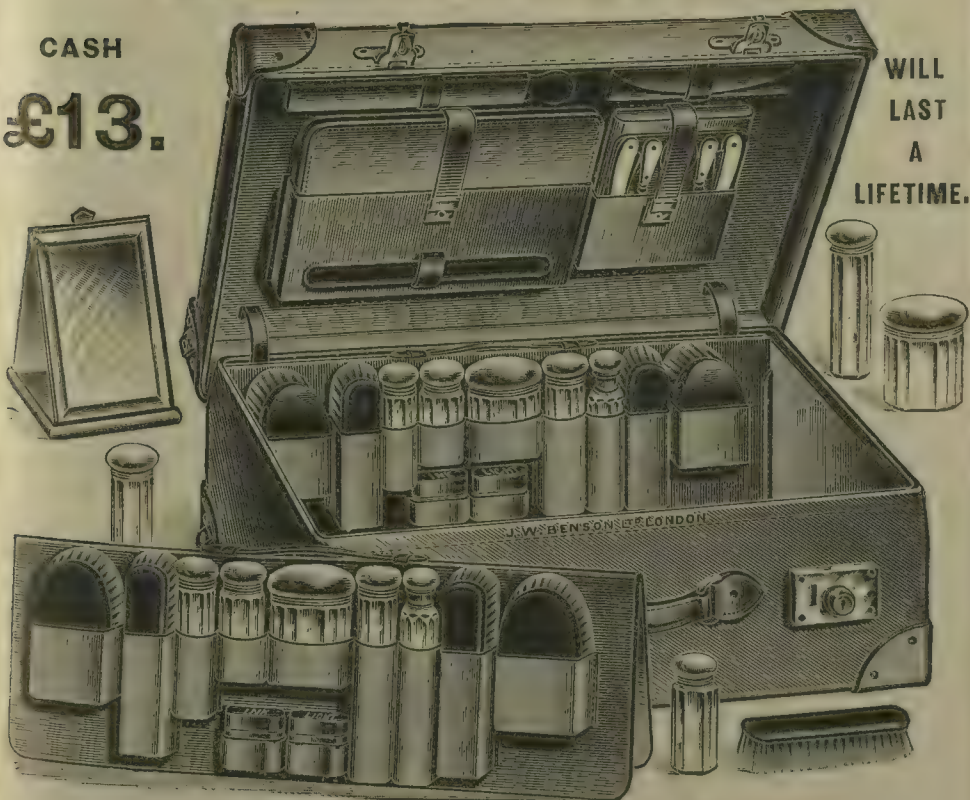
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1899) of Mr. James Mason, of Eynsham Hall, near Witney, and 27, Grosvenor Place, who died on April 2, was proved on May 7 by James Francis Mason, the son, the value of the estate being £869,316. The testator gives his shares in Mason and Barry, Limited, to his son; £1000, an annuity of £6000; and the use of his house in Chesterfield Gardens, with the effects therein, to his wife, Mrs. Isabel Mason; £105,000, in trust, for his daughter Rose Sybille; £30,000, in trust, for his daughter Ida Fanny, Lady Peyton; £5000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Longfield; £500 each to Don Manuel McMahon and Don Luis de Brinas; £200 to his unmarried daughter; and £500 to his manservant Charles Beal. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated June 10, 1886), with four codicils, of Mr. John Temple Leader, of 14, Piazza dei Pitti, Florence, and formerly of Holmwood, Putney Hill, M.P. for Westminster 1837-47, who died on March 1, was proved on May 7 by Henry Fuller Acland Hood, Sir William Lewis Salusbury Trelawny, and William Henry Wickham, the value of the estate being £279,928. The testator gives his Putney estate to his grand-nephew Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury, but charged

with the payment of 10,000 lire (Italian) to his grand-nephew John Luttrell; and his estates at Hendon and Finchley and Burstow to the said John Luttrell. He bequeaths to his wife, in addition to the provision which the Italian law gives to her, 500,000 lire, and the use of his houses and lands in Florence; 50,000 lire to Alessandro Papini; 25,000 lire each to his nieces Lady Acland Hood, the Dowager Lady Westbury, and Fanny Blommart, and to his nephew John Fownes Luttrell.

The will (dated July 7, 1887), with two codicils (dated Feb. 2, 1892), of Mr. John Nutt Bullen, of Hill House, Streatham, who died on March 6, was proved on May 11 by Arthur Molesworth Case and Henry Privett Thurston, the value of the estate being £221,264. The testator bequeaths £5000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Alice Maud Case; £10,000 each to his sons John Henry and Sidney Ilbury, they to bring into account any sums advanced to them; £500 and the household furniture, etc., to his wife; £10,000 each, in trust, for his daughters Louisa Mary, Edith, Mabel, Kate Millicent, Annie Lucy, Winifred, and Constance; and £150 each to his executors. A sum of £30,000 is to be held, in trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, or one moiety thereof should she again marry, and, subject to such interest, the £30,000 is to be divided among his

children. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

Probate of the will (with two codicils) of Samuel Greg Rathbone of Bassenfell, Cockermouth, Cumberland, formerly of Liverpool, who died on March 13, has been granted to Eleanor Augusta Killowen Acheson Rathbone, the widow, Robert Cuthbert Rathbone, the son, William Rathbone, the nephew, and Augustus Frederick Warr, the surviving executors. The gross value of the estate is £190,925 17s. 10d., and the net £190,393 13s. 2d. Testator directs that his widow shall be permitted to occupy his house, Holme Hey, Croxteth Drive, Liverpool, also his house and lands at Bassenfell, Cumberland, during her life, rent free, or to receive the rents of these properties should she not desire to reside in them; and after the death of his widow, testator directs that his house, Holme Hey, shall fall into his residuary estate, and that his house and lands at Bassenfell shall go to his son, Robert Cuthbert Rathbone, if then living, absolutely. Subject to the above directions, and to certain pecuniary legacies, also to the life interest of his widow in £96,000, the testator leaves the whole of his property among his children. There are no bequests to charities or public institutions.

The will (dated March 16, 1878) of Mr. Morgan Joseph, of South Lawn, Charlcombe, Somerset, who died on Feb. 8, has been proved by Miss Jane Margaret

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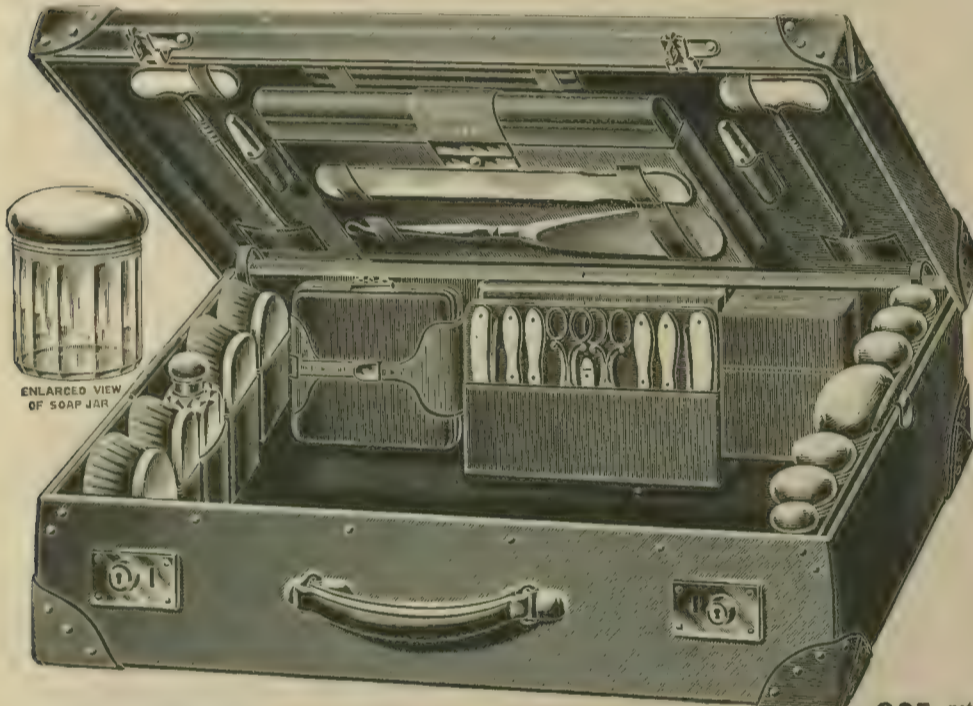
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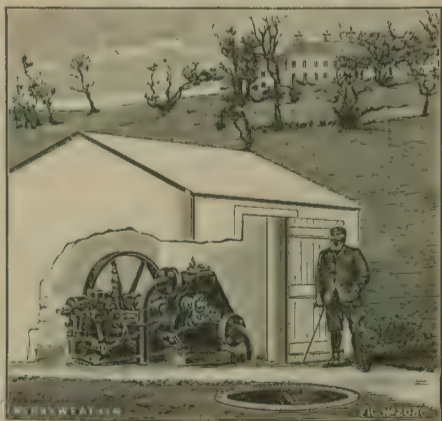
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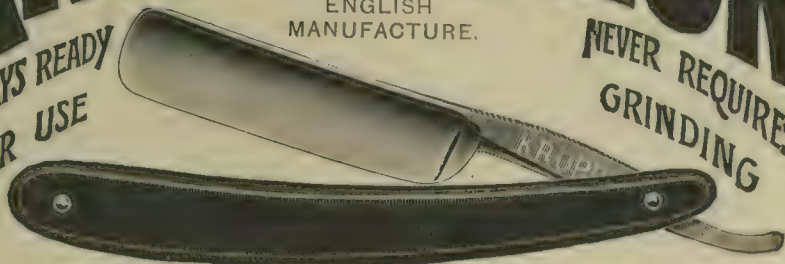
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Joseph, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £112,052. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £250 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Joseph, and £600 for completing the education of his son. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves in equal shares to his daughters Jane Margaret, Elizabeth, and Rachel.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1902) of Sir Edward Bertram Bates, third Baronet, of Beechenhurst, Wavertree, Liverpool, and Gryn Castle, Flint, who died on March 6, was proved on May 6 by Sir Percy Elly Bates, Bart., the brother, and Roger Buttery Sedgwick, the executors, the value of the estate being £80,985. The testator bequeaths all his shares and debentures in steam-ship companies registered at 5, New Quay, his share and interest in the firm of Sir Edward Bates and Sons, and £10,000 to his brother Percy Elly; £500 to Percy Buttery Sedgwick; £1000 to A. G. Fairrie; and the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., at Gryn Castle to the person who shall succeed to the estates settled by the will of his father, Sir Edward Percy Bates. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his mother, for life, and then for his brothers Frederick Alan, Cecil Robert, Austin Graves, Maurice Halifax, and Denis Houghton.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 5, 1902), of Mr. Joseph Lucas, of Stapleton House,

Upper Tooting, solicitor, who died on March 26, was proved on April 30 by Frederic William Lucas and Edgar Lucas, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £79,413. The testator bequeaths all his personal property to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Lucas Lucas, and he leaves his real estate in trust for her, for life, and then, as she shall appoint, to his children and grandchildren. In default of such appointment, he gives property producing £300 per annum to his son Joseph, £250 per annum to his son Bernard John, £200 per annum, in trust, for his son Henry Warter, £200 per annum each, in trust, for his daughters Mrs. Frances Redl, Mrs. Margaret Ellen Macmillan, and Clara, Lady Bruce, £300 per annum, including what was settled on her by marriage settlement, in trust, for his daughter Constance, Lady Hutchinson, £100 per annum to his grandson Gilbert Rowland Alston, and £100 per annum to his granddaughter Lilian Frances Alston for life, and then for her brother Gilbert; and the residue of his real estate to his sons Frederic William and Edgar.

The will (dated May 3, 1899), with a codicil (dated June 7, 1901), of Colonel Laurence Heyworth, J.P., of Chadacre Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, and Palstre Court Manor, Wittersham, Kent, who died on Feb. 17, was

proved on May 5 by Mrs. Rosina Kate Heyworth, Heyworth Potter Laurence Heyworth, the son, and Mrs. Winifred Dagmar Kennard, the daughter, the value of the estate amounting to £55,625. The testator gives £500 to his wife; his jewels and stock of cigars to his son; and £700 each to his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then as to his estate at Whitefield, Devon, to his son, and the ultimate residue, in equal shares, for all his children.

The will (dated May 25, 1901) of the Very Rev. Frederic William Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, who died on March 22, was proved on April 30 by Reginald Anstruther Farrar, the son, John Coles, and Samuel Timbrell Fisher, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £37,391. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Mary Farrar, for life or widowhood, and then in equal shares, to his children, Reginald Anstruther, Ivor Granville, Eric Maurice, Frederic Percival, Mrs. Evelyn Lucy Thomas, the Hon. Mrs. Hilda Cardew Northcote, Mrs. Sybil Savage, Mrs. Maud Montgomery, and Mrs. Lilian Darlington, and he requests them to treat as heirlooms his presentation plate from Harrow, Marlborough, and Westminster, and his prizes from school and University.

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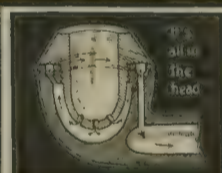
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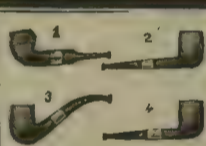
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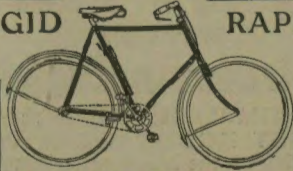
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London is earnestly appealing for an income of £50,000 for the fund associated with his name. The present income is only £28,000, and this is quite insufficient. The Bishop points out that in view of the fact that 40,000 people are being added year by year to London there is danger that a heathen generation may grow up for want of Church provision.

It is proposed to present Dr. Lloyd, Bishop-designate of Newcastle, with a gift from his friends in the diocese of Norwich. The Bishop has intimated that he would like the gift to take the form of vessels for the Holy Communion for use in the chapel attached to his episcopal residence. In his letter the Bishop humorously added that if there should be a few

pence left over he should be uncommonly glad to pocket them.

The Wesleyan Million Guineas Fund is nearly complete, the total sum received being £952,000. Since the last conference £60,000 has come in. The London Missionary Society has also been fortunate in the removal of its large deficit; and Dr. Horton, in his address from the chair of the Congregational Union, referred with thankfulness to the lifting of this heavy burden.

"The Life of Father Dolling," by the Rev. Charles E. Osborne, Vicar of Seghill, Northumberland, is finding many readers. It is such a work as might have been expected from Mr. Osborne, whose friendship with Father Dolling extended over twenty years. It is written with a first-hand knowledge of most of the events

recorded, and the book bears evidence that Mr. Osborne thoroughly understood the inner mind and deeper purposes of his friend. In Mr. Dolling's work, "Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum," he mentions that his curate, Mr. Osborne, used to read theology with him on certain mornings of the week. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the biography is the long list of appreciations from men in all ranks of life—soldiers, postmen, journalists, and clergy.

Canon Mathwyn, one of the most venerable North of England clergymen, has passed away at the age of seventy-nine. He was Vicar of West Pelton, and extremely popular among the miners of the district. He recently celebrated his jubilee as a clergyman, when he was presented with an illuminated address and a purse containing £200.

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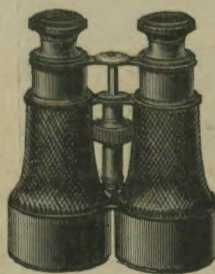
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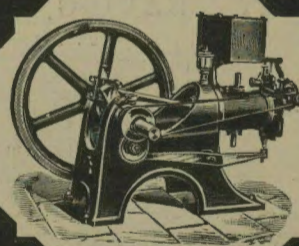
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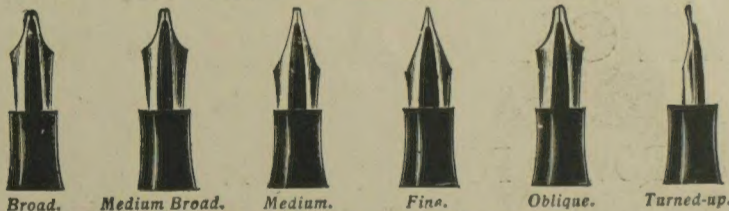
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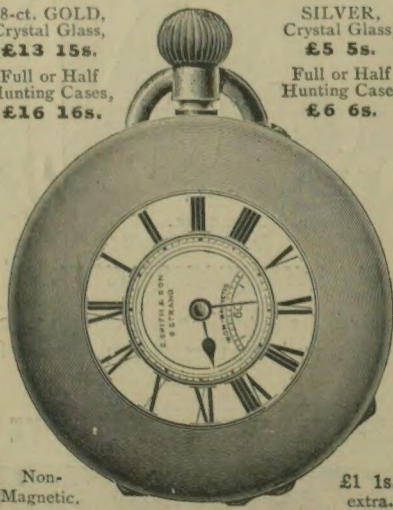
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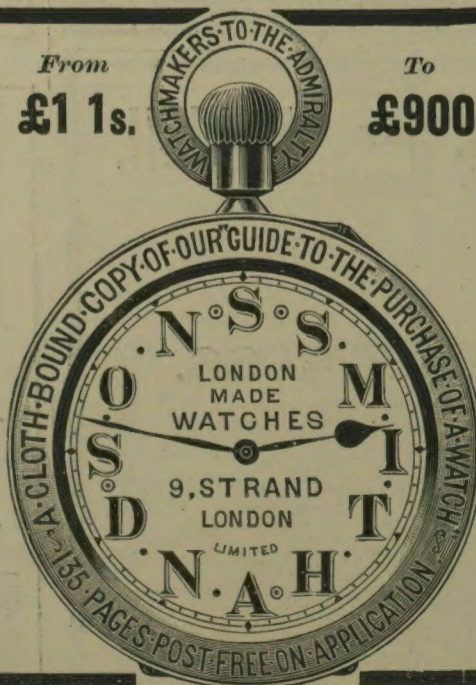
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